

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No 1.828, Vol. 70.

November 8, 1890.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

LORD HARTINGTON spoke at Edinburgh yesterday week with very great success, both as regards speech and audience. It would have been impossible to turn the tables on Mr. MORLEY's chivalrous declaration—that he never would desert Mr. MICAWBER-DILLON—better than was done by Lord HARTINGTON in his parallel as to Mr. SMITH BARRY assisting Mr. FOXSONBY, or to expose more temperately and forcibly at once Mr. GLADSTONE's monstrous assertion that the Irish people ought to hate the law.—On Saturday Mr. STANHOPE spoke in Lincolnshire and Mr. COURTNEY at Lostwithiel. The account of New Tipperary which the latter gave was dismal enough; but the whole speech was an amusing comment on the action of Mr. COURTNEY himself and others like him in supporting Mr. GLADSTONE during his earlier meddlings with the natural course of things in Ireland.—Mr. COURTNEY has continued his Cornwall round at Fowey and elsewhere, and has duly exhibited the inconvenience of a too MARTHA-like political mind.—The municipal elections were decided in England on Saturday. The balance inclined more than it should to the Gladstonian side. It is to be observed, however, that these gains were chiefly made in places where the Gladstonian party had already a great preponderance, and that the Gladstonian gain was much less than last year.—The Scotch municipal elections, three days later, were made remarkable by the vigorous and successful attempt to revenge the disgrace inflicted on the Scottish capital by those who placed Mr. PARNELL on her Burgess-roll. Bailie WALCOT, the leader of the faction, was defeated, with two others. This is a good hearing, and may there be more of it.—On Monday Mr. CHAPLIN spoke on the Plan of Campaign, and Mr. GLADSTONE during his journey from Fasque to Inverleithen stopped at Peebles to deliver a "humorous" reply to Lord HARTINGTON. It is extremely satisfactory to find that his Scotch journey has put Mr. GLADSTONE in such excellent health and spirits; but if, to use a famous phrase, he could only think how bad a figure he cuts when replying "humorously" (with Gladstonian humour) to a serious and sober performance like Lord HARTINGTON's, it might, perhaps, dash his merriment.—Lord HARTINGTON spoke again at Greenock on Tuesday, and took the opportunity of repudiating Mr. GLADSTONE's kind insinuation that he, Lord HARTINGTON, was looking over his shoulder and thinking of running away. He then passed to Scottish Home Rule (a subject which a speaker of Lord HARTINGTON's cool good sense is particularly competent to treat), touched on Disestablishment for Scotland, and then returned to the cardinal question of Unionism. No one, at least, can reproach the Liberal-Unionist leader for having given an uncertain sound in these two speeches.—On his way home Mr. GLADSTONE stopped at Carlisle, on Thursday, and delivered another rather "fey" speech, challenging Lord SALISBURY to come out and fight at once, and wondering why he does not. Mr. GLADSTONE, who is a scholar, should have heard of a certain reply of MARIUS.—On the same day Mr. GOSCHEN spoke cheerfully and effectively to a large audience at Halifax. It would not be out of accordance with experience if Yorkshire warmed to the Unionist cause as Lancashire cools to it.

Mr. BALFOUR has been suffering (with the result of a smashed thumb) from one of the best known institutions of Ireland—an institution commented on by Mr. THACKERAY now nearly fifty years ago—to wit, the window wherein the sash-weights have been forgotten or removed. The amiable Nationalist will doubtless rejoice over the tyrant's inability to play golf for a time.—On Tuesday the CHIEF SECRETARY began (to the renewed

discomfiture of the Nationalists) a fresh tour, this time in Donegal. The Nationalists, who are furious at the success of these tours, despatched the eminent Mr. SWIFT MCNEILL, M.P., to "awwest the pwogwess," as Lord MUTANHEED has it, of unholy affection for Mr. BALFOUR. Whereof came only two things; a rather impertinent and very foolish harangue on things in general from Mr. MCNEILL to the CHIEF SECRETARY, and an extremely amusing altercation, in the SECRETARY's presence, between the Dublin envoy and a prominent local Nationalist, who had no notion of refusing local manna to please the professional politicians at headquarters.—Meanwhile Mr. P. O'BRIEN, continuing to play the foolish antics with cameras which have given him some notoriety, was sent to gaol for a week at Tipperary. For children must not bring their toys into court, still less make disorderly use of them in that place.—With truly Irish consistency evictions have been begun in New Tipperary; so that it is by no means impossible that the Nationalists may re-people Mr. SMITH BARRY's town for him.

The American Elections. An almost unprecedented revolution in American politics has taken place by the complete defeat of the Republican party at the elections, a Democratic majority, estimated by some at above, by all at nearly, a hundred having been returned. The principal influence in bringing this about is assigned to the MCKINLEY Bill, which, even in the short time since its passing, the people of the United States appear to have found a blessing altogether too much in disguise.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The Vitu Expedition, though no great matter, seems to have been creditably conducted by Admiral FREMANTLE.—It was announced on Monday that Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN, with the usual silly fuss, had been, as some Americans probably say, "recepted" at New York.—On Tuesday fears were expressed of the probable loss, with all hands, in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, of the ship *St. Margaret*, commanded by JOHANN ORTH, otherwise, and but a few months ago, the Archduke JOHN of Austria, whose eccentricity in renouncing his rank and changing his career had not deprived him of almost unanimous good opinions.—It has been announced or suggested that Portugal intends to apply to England for a new treaty, with the proviso that meanwhile no encroachments shall be made by English explorers on the territories reserved to the Portuguese by the treaty which they refuse to ratify at Lisbon. This is fair play with a vengeance, and we greatly fear that Portuguese diplomatists will hardly succeed in inducing English diplomatists to "see" it. The apparently authentic details which have been received of the seizure of the *James Stevenson* by the Portuguese, under Lieutenant COUTINHO, would make it improbable, had it ever been probable, that this very cool demand will be granted.—M. DELYANNIS has formed a Ministry in Greece. He had previously been protesting that he is the mildest-mannered of men, and never so much as heard of a firebrand.—France is almost as much agitated by tariff questions as the United States themselves, and has also in some degree paid attention to foreign affairs, and especially the recent transactions between France and England, of which M. RIBOT gave an account, exaggerating, of course, the advantages gained by France, but for that reason all the more effective.—From Armenia come two pieces of information, very striking when taken together. One is the formation of a Revolutionary Committee, with the design of preventing rebellion against the SULTAN; the other, the setting on foot by the SULTAN himself of measures for abating the admitted disorders of the province. This last step is taken unfortunately late, but not too late to achieve, with good luck, some of the success which has already attended a

similar policy in Crete.—At the end of last week it was announced that the Victorian Ministry had been defeated, and turned out of office, not, it may be hoped, because of their firm conduct in the strikes.

Mr. STANLEY has arrived in America after a very bad voyage, which seems to have confused his reminiscences of his recent Biblical studies so much that he described the United States as "the Light of the World." But that was different. Mr. STANLEY has also taken up the tale of his interview-wranglings at long range with Mr. TROUP (whose book, by the way, has appeared too late for critical notice this week). In these latest utterances there reappears that strange confusion of ideas which seems to have mastered Mr. STANLEY. You may suppress your evidence if you do not make charges; and you may make charges if you produce your evidence; but to suppress the evidence and make the charges all the same is not permissible even if it be done under the very curious misconception that it shows "consideration for the feelings of survivors." This thing must be seen out.

The Art Congress. On Tuesday the National Association for the Promotion of Art and its Application to Industry, one of the numerous long-titled descendants or offshoots of the defunct Social Science Congress, held its third meeting at Birmingham, and talked, half wisely, half not, on the soulless character of machine-work; on that "doll's warehouse, Westminster Abbey" (we have not the remotest notion what this means); on sky-signs; on the necessity of moderation in pots; on the offensiveness of statues in coats and trousers; and on the bracing effect of a schoolmaster's name on the nerves.

The London County Council. On Tuesday the London County Council, resuming the consideration of the large Bethnal Green Improvement Scheme, accepted it, after a debate and division, by 53 to 34. It is of course not necessary, or possible, to object to this scheme, as to some others of the Council's, that it is *ultra vires*, or out of their business. At the same time the Council is pursuing, rather recklessly, the usual extravagant course of such bodies with other people's money, and it is, from previous experience, very improbable that much good will be done.

Strikes. The putting in force of the new Dock rules resulted in a partial strike at the Victoria and Albert Docks; but the men's leaders appear to be sensibly convinced that there is no present chance of enforcing other than reasonable terms, and so are using such influence as they possess on the side of order. Unfortunately, it is generally found on such occasions that influence which is all-powerful for mischief is curiously impotent for good. Considerable "irritation" is said to have been and to be felt by the men; and, indeed, there are no circumstances likely to be more irritating than expulsion from a fool's paradise. If they learn that when the laws of a Union and the laws of a universe come in conflict, it is not exactly the universe that is likely to come off worst, their irritation will have been a very healthy one.

Sport. The racing this week at Liverpool before the Cup Day does not require much notice, though there was a good deal of it, and a few events, such as the victory of St. Kilda in the Nursery Plate, after a very good race, and that of Golden Crescent in the Stewards' Cup, had some interest.—The Cup proper, the Autumn Cup, was won on Thursday by Mr. ABINGTON'S Lady Rosebery.

Correspondence. "General" BOOTH, to whom nobody will deny the possession of assurance at least, has written to the papers asking for a great deal of money, and Archdeacon FARRAR has responded to the appeal by "hoping to give" the "General" "fifty pounds next year." This charity at two months after sight is mighty novel, ingenious, and businesslike.—A sort of triangular duel on the subject of politics in County Councils has been going on between Mr. BAUMANN, Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD, and of course Sir THOMAS FARRER.—The Bishop of CARLISLE has made an appeal for more money for the Church House—an institution which seems to have suffered more from a certain want of comprehension on the part of the general public of the purposes for which it is wanted than it has gained by the support of many venerable and distinguished persons, some alas! no longer alive.—The question whether betting is on the increase has been treated in a way strongly illustrating the great

maxim that if you look at one side of a question only you can generally avoid seeing the other.—A damaging attack on the conduct of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops in reference to the Plan of Campaign has been made by "ROMANUS"; while Professor THOMAS CASE, not satisfied with his own prowess, which is very considerable indeed, has summoned the ghost of Dr. LIDDON to help him in fighting against the proposal to admit woman to study medicine in Oxford with men. Meanwhile the lovely creature is only too much in evidence at Oxford. On Thursday she shot Dr. BRIGHT, the Master of University, "for no ascertained reason"—but when were her acts directed by any such? Dr. BRIGHT's wound, though in a dangerous part, is said not to be severe; so that Oxford, we trust, need not fear the loss of a very respectable man, nor her diminutive Home Rule party that of one of its few prominent members.

The PRINCE OF WALES opened the new City and South London Underground Electric Railway on Tuesday.—That which is called the Hampstead murder has during the week given the "descriptive writer" of certain prints an opportunity (which he has promptly seized) of outdoing himself in offensiveness.—The Presidential Address of the Royal Institute of British Architects was delivered on Monday by Mr. ALFRED WATERHOUSE, who made some excellent remarks on the construction of streets.—Dr. PEROWNE, Dean of Peterborough, a Low Churchman, but learned, tolerant, and with a good record of literary and administrative work, has been appointed to the bishopric of Worcester.—Another Bishop, he of London, who has certainly had no small experience in examinations, praised them last Friday week, but yet moderately, and not as the crammers.—The Institute of Bankers has also been meeting, and the Royal Agricultural Society of England has been taking in hand the new projects (encouraged also by the University of Cambridge and other learned bodies) of regulating and screwing up technical education in agriculture.—The Imperial Federation League had a meeting on Wednesday, and was addressed by (among others) Sir JOHN LUBBOCK.—On Thursday the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was taken seriously ill in court with gastritis. Sir GORDON SPRIGG, being presented with the freedom of the Turners' Company, made an interesting speech on South Africa; and the coroner's jury in the recent case of death by the ignition of naphtha passed a severe censure on the persons responsible.

Obituary. The deaths of two well-known elder members of the two Universities were reported at the end of last week. Mr. DAYMAN, formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, had held office in the thick of the Tractarian strife, and was a learned scholar of the old type. Mr. A. J. ELLIS, of Trinity College, Cambridge, had devoted himself to that more undulating and diverse study known as philology, especially in modern languages, and had obtained therein as much reputation as could be obtained in anything so empirical and "guess-worky." He, too, was really learned; but his notions on phonetic spelling and similar things could only have been held by one in whom linguistic science, so called, was insufficiently tempered by literary art, sound knowledge, and taste.—The deaths of Mrs. CHARLES GREY, well known as a member of the Royal Household, and of Admiral ROBERT TRYON, a Navarino man, were reported on Wednesday.—M. CHARLES VERLAT was one of the chief of Flemish (we do not know why a man who was a native of Antwerp and Director of the Antwerp Academy should be called "Dutch") cattle-painters and a worthy follower of St. LUKE.

Beau Austin, by Mr. W. E. HENLEY and Mr. R. L. STEVENSON, was presented by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE at the Haymarket on Monday.—Mr. MAYER has opened an enterprising season of French plays at the St. James's, the old home of that form of entertainment.—Mlle. GIULIA RAVOGGI appeared in Gluck's *Orfeo*, under Signor LAGO's management at Covent Garden.—Mr. R. C. CARTON's play *Sunlight and Shadow* succeeded *A Struggle for Life* at the Avenue.—Mr. JEPHSON's book on the Relief of EMIN (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), which we notice elsewhere, adds to the voluminous documents on the subject, but fortunately does not touch on its most contested points.—No book of this week, nor any soon to come, can equal in interest the new and complete edition of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Diaries (Edinburgh: DOUGLAS). LOCKHART'S taste and judgment were so un-

erring that some readers might have been content with what he thought fit to give; but the lapse of more than fifty years, no doubt, makes a difference; and it is certain that nothing which came from Sir WALTER'S hand, while that hand was guided by a brain conscious of its work, can fail to do him honour.—But we must also notice Sir EDWARD HAMLEY'S *The War in the Crimea* (SEELEY), a book where, in brief space, literary skill and competence in the subject display themselves in unusually happy mixture.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

THE jubilation expressed in some quarters here over the result of the elections in the United States is, perhaps, a trifle indiscriminating. It is, at least, premature to decide that the success of the Democratic party will be followed by the repeal of the MCKINLEY Bill, more premature to decide that it will be followed by a better adjustment of the tariff, and most premature, in spite of confident assertions on both sides of the Atlantic, to jump to the conclusion that it is the beginning of the end of Protection in the United States. All these good consequences may follow, but there are also reasons and reasons for thinking that they may not. The first, and possibly the best, of these reasons is to be found in the history of the Bill itself, and its consequences. No people, not even the French, in their liveliest Revolutionary dance, has shown a more utter want of good sense and foresight in legislation, or a more complete incoherence in conduct, than the American people has in the course of the last two years. The policy which dictated the MCKINLEY Bill was not a new thing, nor did it deal with matters which are little understood. It was carried by a party returned expressly to pass some such measure. It was argued and fought over for months. Its consequences were abundantly predicted. The most conspicuous of them—the instant rise in prices—must needs have been foreseen and weighed, except by politicians who were absolutely incapable of estimating facts or of reasoning on them. But no sooner has the Bill been passed than it is found to be such a slovenly piece of workmanship as to be even of doubtful legality. So much for the legislative faculty of the United States Congress. When within a week the Bill produces exactly the effect on the market which it must needs have been intended to produce, except by utter ignorance, it causes an explosion of angry surprise among the voters whose elected representatives passed it. So much for the political faculty of the American people. What guarantee can there be that such legislators and such voters will be wiser in the future than they have been in the past?

There are other facts in the history of this election which should give hopeful critics pause. We need not speak of the shameless gerrymandering of electoral districts. A party must be in power before it can gerrymander, and this resource, though useful, will hardly of itself give victory to either side. It is much more important that the Democratic success has been largely won by the Farmers' Alliance. In the South and West this league has, apparently, decided most, if not all, the elections. Now the Farmers' Alliance, though it may reject protective legislation of the MCKINLEY stamp, is committed to economic heresies every whit as ignorant and as dangerous. It is in favour of progressive taxation, and something which it calls free money. Mr. TILLMAN, of South Carolina, the most conspicuous of the leaders of the Alliance, has persuaded his followers that the State should prohibit speculation on growing crops, and should save the farmer from the necessity of selling his unripe harvest by advancing him paper money. Of course this would only be speculation on the growing crops in another form, and its inability to see so manifest a fact argues bottomless ignorance and the grossest incapacity to reason on the part of the Farmers' Alliance. It is this league, however, with its ignorance and incapacity, which has come forward in the elections, and will now be an object for the cajoleries and temptations of the very astute ring of mine owners and manufacturers who "lobby" the Congress of the United States. We may as well remember, too, that the outrageous attempt of the United States to force its live stock and pork on its neighbours was made for the express purpose of conciliating this party. Such legislation will, it may be presumed, be more, and not less, common in future. It will be offered freely, in order to tempt the Farmers' Alliance over to the mine-owners

and manufacturers, and may very possibly be taken by obtuse and ignorant men as an equivalent for the higher prices imposed on all they have to buy. Also, before getting ready the funeral oration on American Protection, the hopeful European may remember that the Senate and the PRESIDENT are still Republican, and will remain so for two years; that by itself the House of Representatives is helpless, and that the workers of the machine are still alive, and quite as well aware as they always have been of the advantages of pouring a little water down the pump when it is desired that a great deal may be brought up. The Democrats, too, although they are united in voting against Republican candidates, are not without causes of quarrel among themselves. Tammany Hall, which may be taken to be a compendious name for Irish-American corruption, is already showing an inclination to take a line of its own. It had a great share in the defeat of Mr. CLEVELAND at the last Presidential election, and is now casting about for a candidate of its own. As he will hardly be accepted by the rest of the party without resistance, and as the support of Tammany—in other words, the important State of New York—can hardly be obtained except on its own terms, there are here the materials for a very pretty quarrel. Mr. CLEVELAND is still the favourite candidate of the Democrats. To displace him at the dictation of the corrupt New York wirepullers would be a very repulsive necessity to the great majority of the party. Before the Democrats can hope to return their own President, and to obtain a complete command of the Administration, they must decide whether Tammany can be defied, or is to be yielded to, or to be compromised with. Besides, this is not the only possible quarrel among the Democrats. The Farmers' Alliance has its opponents even in South Carolina, and may not be allowed its own way unchecked when the party is selecting its "ticket" and its candidate at the next Convention. In the course of the disputes which will probably arise some of the strength which it has acquired in Republican States may be lost.

But, though it is very early to prophesy the final success of the Democratic party, it has undoubtedly gained ground very materially, and, if it can hold it, may possibly win a further success which will be more complete than even the election of Mr. CLEVELAND was. In the South the Democrats have regained entire control. It will be not uninteresting to learn how far this has been due to terrorism exercised over the blacks, how far to success in obtaining their votes, and how far to that indifference to the possession of a vote which has been observed among the coloured people since they have found that the Democratic party does not intend to reinslave them. It will be a very natural, though to some unexpected, result of emancipation if the free blacks become an element of strength to the Democrats, as the slaves were when they were allowed to count as part of the voting power of their masters. The success of the party in the Eastern States and in Pennsylvania is in some ways more important than their victory in the South. It has been gained over the Republicans where they are strongest, and, having been gained on such a question as the MCKINLEY Bill, may be fairly quoted as a proof that the extreme Protectionists are really losing ground. The voters have apparently been taught at last that the artificial forcing up of prices may be carried to a point at which it ceases to be tolerable to the consumer. Hitherto Americans have habitually and altogether ignored the existence of the unfortunate consumer. A sudden increase of fifty per cent. in the price of every manufactured article has at last persuaded them that he does exist, and that, in fact, he is everybody in the country. It does not follow that the discovery will be the beginning of a conversion to Free-trade, but it will probably produce the persuasion that Protection is not a cordial which can be taken in unlimited doses. The MCKINLEY Bill has, indeed, been an object-lesson which even the most stupid can hardly fail to understand. What argument could not do has been done by the instant demonstration that a Bill which was to make the fortune of everybody has, in fact, begun by increasing his expenses. In future, the Protectionists will have to fight against the effects of this failure, and may find their confident promises less readily believed.

LORD HARTINGTON AND MR. GLADSTONE.

BY dint of turning the railway platform at Peebles to familiar use as a "stump," Mr. GLADSTONE has contrived to sandwich a speech of his own between two of Lord HARTINGTON'S. His eagerness to effect this interpolation may partly, perhaps, be accounted for by his suffering from the novel sensation of having a joke to fire off; but the discharge of this jest, excruciatingly humorous as it was, can hardly be regarded, in view of Mr. GLADSTONE'S well-known habits of business, as his sole motive. The brilliant and novel comparison of the alleged collapse of Liberal-Unionism to the breakdown of a railway train cannot, we say, have constituted the only, or even the main, point which the inexhaustible orator desired to make at Peebles; and if not, the real and effective inspiration of his speech at that place of "pure devilment" is probably to be sought in his desire to give the earliest possible publicity to a deliberately false account of Lord HARTINGTON'S previous speech at Edinburgh. "The upshot of his doctrine," says Mr. GLADSTONE, with the easy confidence of one who knows that his words will be implicitly accepted by thousands of dupes, who have most of them very likely never been at the pains to read what Lord HARTINGTON ever said, and who would in all probability decline to look at any evidence to that effect which might be submitted to them—"the upshot of his doctrine is, that there are doubts in his mind whether the time has yet come for surrender. That surrender is to be a fact, and that it lies in the near future he does not seem to question for a moment." No one who has noted Mr. GLADSTONE'S increasing audacity in invention will be surprised to find that there is not a syllable about surrender from beginning to end of the speech thus summarized, and that whereas once on a previous occasion Lord HARTINGTON did use language which might be twisted into an admission (though it was really nothing of the kind) that the hypothetically discussed electoral defeat of Unionism had been actually discounted by Unionists, his speech at Edinburgh was absolutely free even from this material of misrepresentation. Mr. GLADSTONE'S performances as a fabricator of speeches from other people seem to be running hard his exploits as a prevaricator with respect to his own.

A short speech on a railway platform, however, affords a more convenient occasion for the utterance of an oratorical forgery of this kind than for the delivery of a serious political argument; which, indeed, was doubtless one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S chief reasons for selecting it. For, as it happened, there was a good deal for him to answer in Lord HARTINGTON'S vigorous speech at Edinburgh on the previous Tuesday, while the task of effectually answering it presented exactly that degree of difficulty which made it more agreeable to shirk than to attack. There is a good deal, for instance, of very troublesome stuff for Mr. GLADSTONE to deal with in Lord HARTINGTON'S observations on the now classical advice to the Irish tenantry to "hate the law"—which their adviser himself, by-the-by, has been largely instrumental in reducing to its present shape; and we could wish that Lord HARTINGTON had not somewhat weakened the effect of his very telling criticisms on this head by what we cannot but regard as both a gratuitous and a questionable admission. "I know," he said, "that we have no popularity in administering coercion. I repeat what I have said before—that nothing but the strongest sense of responsibility for permitting undoubted and intolerable evils to continue would have induced either a Unionist Government or the Unionist party to sanction and enact coercion." Lord HARTINGTON has displayed such a manly independence of judgment and strength of character in shaking himself free from so many Whig superstitions, that one regrets to find him still under awe of the "Coercion" bogey. To begin with, it is surely not the fact, as Mr. BALFOUR'S reception has strikingly shown, that "we have no popularity"—at least among the only class with whom a Government or a party should care to be popular—"in administering coercion in Ireland." And, in the next place, if it were true, it would be irrelevant. A Government has no more to do with the popularity or unpopularity of enforcing the law than a judge has to do with the popularity or unpopularity of declaring it; and, inasmuch as coercion means nothing more than the enforcement of the law, it is surely inappropriate to talk of the "undoubted and intolerable evils" which have compelled resort to it. The simple fact that law is

systematically and successfully defied is in itself an evil "undoubted and intolerable" enough to justify, or rather to compel, its enforcement by any Government worthy of the name.

This however was, so far as we are aware, the only false note struck by Lord HARTINGTON in the course of his two speeches, and the second of them, delivered at Greenock, contained many useful and some excellent passages. Of the former class was his thoroughly workmanlike exposure of Mr. GLADSTONE'S marvellous tergiversation with respect to the famous "wit of man" speech. We ourselves went carefully last week over the ground covered by Lord HARTINGTON, but the repetition by him of the work then performed by us is, of course, welcome; for Mr. GLADSTONE, it is said, is not allowed to read adverse journalistic criticism, and the one journal affected to his service in the metropolis has discreetly refrained from saying anything whatever—good, bad, or indifferent—about this delicate subject To Scotch Home Rule, and the fictitious demand for it, Lord HARTINGTON was, perhaps, a little unduly tender; but he amply earns forgiveness by virtue of the capital illustration wherein he showed that a by no means inconceivable, or even very improbable, result of Scottish Home Rule, and the extensive constitutional changes which it would involve, would be the elevation of Mr. GLADSTONE to the post of "Prime Minister of the Empire, with Lord SALISBURY as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, Mr. PARNELL as Prime Minister for Ireland, and Dr. CAMERON" (why not Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL?) "Prime Minister for Scotland." And the ironical gravity of the remark with which he summed it up—"I do not believe that any one who contemplates the possibility of such a change as this will think that such a combination could possibly work for a single year"—must have been appreciated by a Scotch audience.

Lord HARTINGTON'S views on the Disestablishment question are well known—his famous declaration on the subject having, indeed, as he reminded his Greenock audience, received the honour of adoption by "the greatest master of phrases in the United Kingdom"—and he accordingly contented himself the other day with a remarkably damaging analysis of the various riders which Mr. GLADSTONE has thought fit to attach to that formula. Perhaps, however, the most effective passage in the whole of his second speech was that in which he exposed the monstrous inconsistency of the position which electioneering exigencies have compelled his late—a phrase no longer convertible, we suspect, in Lord HARTINGTON'S case, with "his revered late"—leader to take up on this question. Mr. GLADSTONE, he points out, has insensibly acquired a mode of describing the demands of the Parnellites which, though very well adapted to the needs of his own political game at the present moment, is in glaring incongruity with his past language. He believes, says Lord HARTINGTON, that all that he is asking for, and all that the Irish are asking for, is a certain measure of delegation, which will relieve Parliament of part of the work which now presses upon it. It arouses him to the highest pitch of virtuous indignation to be charged with the desire to repeal the Act of Union, when his whole desire is to strengthen the legislative bond between England and Ireland for all purposes of Imperial importance, by relieving the Parliament at Westminster of the vexatious duty of settling the local affairs of Ireland for the Irish people. Yet if, as Lord HARTINGTON most pertinently puts it, "if the Union is a great Act which nobody proposes to interfere with, why was it denounced a few years ago in terms of such unmeasured violence? And why was all the evil, neglect, and wrong that has been suffered or perpetrated in Ireland been put down as the work of that unhappy enactment?" No grosser inconsistency could, indeed, be imagined than that of a policy which seeks its justification in the plea that the legislative independence of Ireland was wrongfully and corruptly filched from her, and yet pretends to make adequate restitution by conceding to her certain minor rights of local self-government which would no more amount, in the aggregate, to a re-grant of legislative independence than the establishment of a County Council amounts to the creation of a provincial Parliament. That the Parnellites profess willingness to ignore, for the present, the fundamental distinction between the two is a fact of no importance whatever; nor is it of the slightest weight as compared with the two facts so forcibly insisted upon by Lord HARTINGTON—namely, that neither have the Parnellites

nor has their leader ever renounced their claim to full legislative independence, and that no utterance, either of his or theirs, can be quoted in which the concessions offered by Mr. GLADSTONE have ever been accepted as a full and final satisfaction of Nationalist demands.

SEA-TROUT IN THE ANAPUS.

THE following curious early account of the sea-trout in the river Anapo or Anapus, which flows into the harbour of Syracuse, is derived from that copy of HERODOTUS quoted by Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER in his description of the localities. Mr. WARNER'S unique copy of the Herodotean MS. may be expected to contain much else that is odd and unfamiliar to scholars.

Into the harbour, then, where the Athenian fleet was destroyed, as I have said, by ARCHIMEDES, flows a river named Anapus, not large, but deep and clear. Concerning this river it is to be mentioned that it contains a certain fish, unlike others which we know, hence HOMER calls it "the Sacred Fish." It is in length about one foot and a half, sometimes more, sometimes less, and its scales are, as it were, of silver, having black spots on them. Now they say that this fish, which they of Syracuse call the sea-trout, dwells equally in the sea and in the river. For at certain seasons it comes into the harbour from the outer sea, and then rushes up the stream, even as far as it can ascend, for the purpose of spawning there. When it has deposited its spawn it descends again to the sea; but they now give it another name, derived from the Keltai, a people of whom it is reported that they are not afraid of earthquakes. When it descends the river, and is called kelt, it is black and little valued; but when it ascends from the sea it is silvery, and has this peculiarity that its flesh is pink. All this I know from myself having observed the fish, otherwise the story might not seem credible to me. We know, however, concerning the fish of the Nile, whom the Greeks call crocodile, that he can live both in water and on land, yet in the sea he cannot live. Now the sea-trout cannot live on land, yet he lives both in salt and fresh water, being, however, less in bulk than the crocodile, those sea-trout only excepted which, having broken the angler's line, escape, for it is said that they are wont to be of monstrous size. Concerning this a Syracusan priest told me that anglers are all liars, but be this as it may.

The manner of catching the sea-trout is thus:—Having made a rod, both long and strong, they fasten to it a brazen wheel, having a line rolled round it, and this line they pass through rings of bronze in the rod, till it exceeds the length of the rod itself. Then, having taken a hook, they tie on it the feathers of certain fowls such as the hawk, the woodcock, and others. Next they wind coloured wools round the hook, but not so as to hide the feathers; those wools may be red, blue, or yellow. Over this, again, they twist a feather from the neck of a cock, a black or a red feather, and some bind gold or silver wire over all. The hook is now called a "fly," for a reason which I do not consider it proper to divulge. Having made this hook fast to the line, they cast it into the water. The sea-trout, when he beholds the hook, leaps at it, being inspired with animosity to it, and the barb sticking in his mouth, he swims away with what fins he has. If it were not for the wheel from which the line runs, he would break all; but the line, winding off the wheel, pursues him wherever he goes. The nature of the fish is such that he leaps frequently into the air, endeavouring to ease himself of the hook, and in this he is often successful. If he fails, he is gradually drawn in, and finally captured in a small net, having a long handle attached to it. The manner of the fishing is not from the shore, which is fringed with the reed called papyrus, in height about three fathoms. The Syracusans, not being able to throw the fly over these reeds, fish from a boat, yet it is hard for them to prevent the fish from entangling the line in the papyrus plant. There are many who take great delight in this sport. It is told particularly of XANTHIPPOS, the son of DIOKLES, the Athenian, who was taken prisoner in the war, that his friends sent money to buy his release from captivity. He, however, declined to return home when his ransom had been paid, saying that, while there were sea-trout in the Anapus and none in the Ilissus, he preferred to live in exile. On this account his name was erased from the list of his *phratRIA*; but on hearing this he only said, in the words of the

proverb, "It is all one to HIPPOCLEIDES." Such is the account we have received of the Anapus, and the fish therein. But I myself caught none of them, for when I attempted to throw the fly, it hooked sometimes in my beard, sometimes in my raiment, and again in my right ear, whence it was cut by a certain surgeon, not without pain. Having consulted, therefore, the oracle of Branchidae, the god replied, that "HERODOTUS of Halicarnassus would be well advised to stick to gudgeon."

THE STRIKE OF THE DOCKS.

THE ease with which the Albert Dock Company has succeeded in conducting work under the new arrangement so far proves exactly the same lesson as the total collapse of the threatened general strike of last year. It was shown then that when employers make a resolute stand, and are not unfairly treated by rivals and hampered by intruders, they can give a very good account of the so-called Union and its self-elected leaders. The Union never was anything but a sham. It had and has neither discipline nor resources. The Executive Council has been derided by its own supposed supporters. The members have made themselves a nuisance to employers and fellow-workmen alike. MESSRS. ALLAN have proved to demonstration that under the absurd arrangement of last year, the work either of greedy agitators or of incompetent outsiders, the Union had become a serious danger to the trade of London. An organization which was divided against itself, which had certainly not the power, even if it had the will, to keep its promises, had been treated for months with a great deal too much respect. As soon as it has been faced it proved to be by no means formidable. No doubt the Dock Company has been compelled to purchase support against it, and the leaders, if they were half as sincerely anxious for the good of the dock labourers as they claim to be, may console themselves by the reflection that, though they are beaten, they have indirectly improved the terms of pay and conditions of employment in the docks. If employers had not been driven to find means to defeat the Union, it is eminently improbable that they would have spontaneously offered either better pay or shorter hours. It is not the practice of men of business to give anything for nothing. Whether the Unionist leaders will reflect with complacency that their clients profit, though they are beaten, we need not ask. So much virtue it would be a little unfair and very foolish to expect from them.

As a matter of fact they will not be consoled, nor is it at all likely that they will sit down with their defeat. Their contention has always been that the interest of the labourers could not be protected unless the Union had power to control the docks. They have said so in as many words, and we unhesitatingly credit them with honestly enjoying the possession of power. Now power is precisely what they lose by the new arrangement. The Dock Companies have learnt that it is their interest to pay well for support, and they will not grudge money; but it will be spent in putting an end to the interference of the Union. No Union officials shall stand at the dock gates to say who shall come in and who not. Foremen shall serve the Company, and not the Union. Unionists will be employed as freely as others, but they shall keep their tickets in their pockets, and shall not molest other men. If they do, then they will make the return journey at once through the dock gates. In short, the Union may continue to exist, if it can, as a harmless friendly society; but it will not be recognized as an organization having any voice in the management of work in the docks. That its deposition is in the interests of business, order, morals, and the labourers themselves, we are quite sure; but it is not to be supposed that the usurper will put up with his fall if he can possibly help it. The Union will not succumb without a fight. Its leaders have candidly enough confessed their inability to influence their followers when honesty, industry, and a moderate degree of punctuality in the observance of promises are required. It is not, however, probable that they doubt their ability to stir up trouble. For the present they are content to take a moderate course, to talk of organizing a co-operative system of discharging ships. If that cannot be done, which is most probable, or the Dock Company will have nothing to do with such a scheme, then it will be the interest of the agitators to do their utmost to bring about another strike. Submission would reduce them to insignificance, whereas they will for a time

at least be busy and conspicuous if a strike can be got up. A pretext will not be wanting, and they will have some support out of London. The employers in the docks and elsewhere are very properly endeavouring to smash the Unions. The Riverside Union makes fight "for the principle," as it is called. It will not improbably receive some measure of support from other Unions in the out-ports. It is apparently a mere question of days when a "fight for the principle" is to begin at Cardiff. Since the approach of winter and foreign tariffs have between them made business slack, since the employers seem really resolute, since the fight must come, we think it, on the whole, desirable that it come now. There will be no peace in English industry till the question of free labour is fought out, and one sharp struggle will do infinitely less harm than a succession of shocks and incessant friction.

GREECE AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE new Greek Cabinet, with M. DELYANNIS at its head, has been duly formed, and has taken the oaths of office. The newspaper correspondents say that, except the Premier, all the Ministers are new to their work; but, unless we are mistaken, M. DELIGORIS and M. KOUMOUNDOUROU are pretty well-known politicians. A Greek Ministry, however, is but as a French one of these latter years, only more so. It is quite conceivable that M. DELYANNIS may have laid aside altogether (to be resumed when convenient) the Chauvinist leanings, or at least the Chauvinist policy, which distinguished him some four or five years ago. Indeed, it appears that he is to be faced, as soon as possible, by interpellations from a forward party of his own adherents who recently broke away from him, and with whom M. TRICOUPI is suspected of having coquetted. One of these deals with the conflict between the Porte and the Greek Patriarchate; the other talks of "the annulling by" "the Porte of the rights granted to the Hellenes of Crete." Whatever may be the amount of sincerity of meaning behind these interpellations (and he would be a rash man indeed who recognized much in them), the significance of their mere terms is unmistakable. Each deals with matters with which the kingdom of Greece has not as such the slightest concern. Crete is not part of Greece; Macedonia is not part of Greece; and the Greeks have no right whatever to meddle in the affairs of either district. Further, it is sufficiently notorious that the quarrel about the Macedonian *berats* concerns not so much the Porte directly as another Christian State—the Principality of Bulgaria—and that Greek soreness on the subject is hardly at all religious, and is decidedly political. And yet further, it is also notorious that the condition of Crete has so much improved of late that, unless vigorous interference is used to stir the Cretans up, those "slow bellies," who have at no time had any violent desire to be united to that which calls itself Greece, will shamefully subside under the very liberal share of freedom which the Porte allows them.

M. DELYANNIS, therefore, takes office with no very cheerful prospect before him. M. TRICOUPI has, indeed, largely increased the national fleet; but this operation, unfortunately, means a proportionate increase of the national debt. And the debt of Greece was by no means in need of being increased. The financial position of the little country is rather interesting. If Greece ever was a rich country in itself (which may be doubted), it certainly is not so now. What is worse, the Greek, like the Irishman (a fact to be noted by those who hold that independence, or even the bastard independence called Home Rule, would remove this Irish peculiarity), is an excellent worker anywhere but at home. Abroad he can make money even by hard work as well as by other ways; at home he willingly acquiesces only in that life of *café*-babbling, of declamation at political meetings, and of partisan intrigue, for which the blessed invention of constitutional government seems to have created an appetite in all Celtic, in all Latin, in all Slavonic peoples, and not least in the Slavo-Romaic hybrid which is pleased to call itself Greek. The Greeks were started with a fair load of debt by the generous Philhellenic grandfathers of the present English and French nations; and, though they had their own ways of dealing with that, they have never succeeded in purging and living cleanly since. That they might do this is certain, for all the poverty of their country. They need spend hardly a penny on national defence; for they are under the stewardship of Europe, with the most certain of all guarantees that,

out of sheer jealousy, no European Power would be allowed by any other European Power to hurt them. Their population and social state are such as, except in the grossly neglected, but not necessarily expensive, matter of ordinary police, to require no costly administration. They have neither an overbearing aristocracy nor a commerce-swollen proletariat to deal with, and any competent financier would put their money matters, unpromising as they are, to rights at the price of a very few years' abstinence from bluster abroad and speculation at home. Yet these two things are apparently bred in their bone, and will not go out from them. For a State in the actual position of Greece to entertain the designs attributed on pretty good authority to certain statesmen is no doubt mad enough. But there is no sufficient reason to doubt the fact of these designs having been at least considered. The last attempt to filibuster by land was not happy, and rather discouraged renewal of it. But the Turkish fleet, though once formidable, is known to have fallen through lack of money and lack of care into a dubious state, and Greece has, or (for the actual possession is denied by some), as far as spending money is concerned, ought to have, some good ships. If on any excuse, or no excuse, some of the *Ægean* islands could be seized, it is thought, it seems, by ardent Greek patriots or politicians, that the old cry of "Shame" would be raised in the West at any proposition to send liberated Christian populations back under Turkish rule, and that the fruits of piracy would be left to the pirates. This is the calculation of the very "brisk" "boys," the extreme forward party, who, however, are said to have boasted, if not to have received, some connivance from M. TRICOUPI in his last days of office. Short of this, but akin to it, is the older plan of running ammunition into Crete under the Greek flag, or, at any rate, from Greece; of fomenting as much as possible the faction-fights of the Cretans, and of hoping that, by help of "atrocities," Europe may be induced to hand Crete over to Greece. To this there are two drawbacks—one, the fear that Europe may promptly put a stop to the traffic; the other, the perhaps more effectual fear that the Cretans, though perfectly ready to accept cartridges, and even to let them off at Turks or each other, may, when the time comes, be disappointingly lacking in enthusiasm for union with Greece. Thus, all these things are awkward for a Greek Premier; but the most awkward thing of all is that, unless he at once hectors Turkey, gives everybody a place, and reduces taxation, he cannot remain popular.

There is, however, undoubtedly a certain, though not a strong, guarantee of peace in the multiplicity of interests brought about by the carving of the various principalities and kingdoms out of Turkey. Of these, Roumania has nothing now to hope from further dismembering of the SULTAN'S dominions. Serbia and Montenegro, though friendly for the moment, would be at once brought to loggerheads by the removal of Turkish authority from Old Serbia and Albania; while Macedonia and Thrace are already the subjects of the bitterest jealousy, prospective and actual, between Bulgaria and Greece. In the multitude of claimants no less than in that of counsellors there is safety, especially when the claims of each have at most one lukewarm backer, and usually several jealous opponents, among the greater Powers. The most interesting of these claimants is certainly Bulgaria, or rather M. STAMBOULOFF. Whether, if that masterful politician were to be removed, Bulgaria would be interesting at all may be doubted. That he maintains his mastery by all the arts of government need not be doubted at all. One of the most edifying things in the political comedy of the present day is to hear Frenchmen and Russians, but especially Russians, declaiming against the manner in which M. STAMBOULOFF corrects fortune, or rather does fortune the service of not even permitting her to go wrong, and need correction. He has done many things well (as for the methods just referred to, they merely show that he knows with whom he is dealing), but the best of all is his attitude towards the Porte. It is a really curious thing that no ruler of these vassal or revolted States has previously had the wit to see that, if the Turk is going to maintain his authority, it is better to stand well with him than to stand ill; and that, if his goods are to be apportioned, a claimant is as likely, to say the least, to get the best portion by fair means as to get it by foul. But M. STAMBOULOFF has seen this, and, what is more, has carried it into practice. It is probably fortunate for him that the situation of the Prince *de facto* in Bulgaria is so anomalous; for its weakness undoubtedly strengthens the Minister. But, however el at

may be, M. STAMBOULOFF is a very agreeable spectacle to those who like to see pluck, skill, and good luck combined. And nothing speaks so well for the Bulgarians as the fact of their having had the good sense to keep him so long in power.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

WHEN, on Tuesday, the London County Council reconsidered the proposal to buy up and rebuild the "Boundary Street area" of Bethnal Green at the cost of the ratepayers, the scheme was advocated with far more caution than at the first debate. The promoters were in some difficulty between a wish and a dread. The wish was to stand forth as the pioneers of a New Departure in Municipal Government; the fear was that if the ratepayers by whom they are elected saw too clearly what the new departure meant, and that the payment of 300,000*l.* for building County Council Lodging-houses would be followed in the usual order of things by similar drafts for the same most questionable purpose, they would rebel and turn out their inconsiderate oppressors. At the first discussion of the proposal its advocates indulged the wish; before the second debate was held the fear had taught them caution. This was seen in a circumstance that should be well marked, because it tells us what to expect from the beginnings of Municipal Socialism. On Tuesday week the instigators of the three-hundred-thousand-pound plunge were the first to proclaim its signal importance. No doubt some of the more timid were anxious that only a sort of street-improvement plan should seem to be intended; but yet it was to be understood that though you might so describe the scheme, yet nothing like it in scope, character, purpose, and promise had ever been brought before a great municipality. At last Tuesday's meeting the tone was changed. The ratepayers were keenly awake and listening, and there was no longer any pretension to epoch-making policies about Lord COMPTON and his friends: their proposal should be taken to mean nothing more—or at any rate, very little more—than the improvement of an overcrowded area by the usual method of making broader and better streets. It will not do, however, to forget the spirit in which the scheme was undoubtedly framed and as certainly introduced. In that spirit it will not only be carried out but extended if the Radicals are permitted to remain an overwhelming majority in the Council.

So far as the "Boundary Street area" is concerned the question is settled. The proposal of the Housing of the Poor Committee has been adopted quite without change, hastily as it was rushed before the Council and naked as it was of all care for detail. The decision is that three hundred thousand pounds, and as much more as may turn out to be needed, shall be spent on purchasing, taking down, and rebuilding the houses on an area of fifteen acres in Bethnal Green. That is all, except that the money is to be supplied by a general rate. So little was the working out of the plan considered that whether the whole area was to be swept of its population at once (a population of more than five thousand), whether the work should be taken piecemeal rather, and what should be done with the ejected families if they are not to crowd upon others already overcrowded—all "that sort of thing" was left to take its chance by the Housing of the Poor Committee in their haste to propound an heroic scheme. After every amendment to their proposal had been rejected, the Committee had yet to report, it has yet to consider, how it means to set about the business. No scheme of clearance has been laid down, and though it seems to be a settled thing that the families who are turned out of their rooms must be "re-housed" by the Council, and rehoused in such a way as to avoid the further overcrowding of an overcrowded neighbourhood, how it is to be done remains an unconsidered detail. Has the Council or the Committee settled what sort of houses should take the place of the condemned ones?—Peabody blocks, which are said in a petition from "the rate-payers and residents of Bethnal Green" to "lower the working-man's home to the level of dog-kennels," or six-roomed houses with "a small piece of land in the rear," as the same petitioners recommend? No decision on that point have we heard of either. It is not very businesslike, but it is the way in which headlong reformers of a certain type always do their business. The indifference of Lord COMPTON's majority to the arguments against the scheme, their determination not to look at alternative remedies,

their equal resolution to ignore what is implied in the formal rejection of those alternatives as well as in the choice of their own plan, would be amazing if we did not know so well what to expect of Lord COMPTON's majority. It is with them always as it was when the much-mourned Coal-dues were thrown away. You show them by a variety of small detail that a million of money, annually raised without the faintest consciousness of taxation, will be given up without the faintest consciousness of remission, and they cover your detail with a cloud of theory and answer your arithmetic with a burst of rhetorical sentiment. And so the million is lost, and when it is lost they groan; but they do not seem to be any the wiser. If, of course, the Comptonian intention is to take the "slum" question out of the hands of the Vestry authorities and into their own; if they propose to go straight to the point by "acquiring" the worst of these slums, rebuilding them at the common cost, and letting them out at the ratepayers' risk, we could understand (but for one consideration) the Council's neglect of the arguments laid before them by the minority. But it seems impossible that the Comptonians can have any such intention and understand it. Only the other day the more advanced members of the Council were crying aloud over the inadequacy of its funds for necessary purposes: this was before it had occurred to the Housing of the Poor Committee that three hundred thousand pounds might be spent on one foul spot in London out of dozens such. Now, considering how many other demands there are upon the Council's means (purification of the Thames, for example, which is also a question of life and health), is it imaginable that the Financial Committee can find the cash for dozens of "Boundary Street areas"? It cannot be done. Indeed, Mr. STUART suggested—though possibly he only meant to get this particular proposal through as easily as possible—that other localities need not expect to be dealt with in the same way. It seems, then, that there must be reasons for making an exceptional case of the "Boundary Street area." According to the promoters of the scheme under discussion there are; and these are the reasons: the houses in this area have become so noxious that they must be cleared away for the sake of the public health; and they have dropped into that state through the criminal neglect of the landlords in the first place, and next through the total inability of the Vestry to enforce the law against that neglect. Those are the reasons, and no others have been advanced. While, therefore, it is plainly impossible to buy up and rebuild all the worst slums in London out of the rates, the Council gives notice by the adoption of this scheme, and by the argument for its adoption, that Vestries really cannot compel landlords to keep their property wholesome; and that when, in consequence, a given area has dropped into a perfectly intolerable state, a certain portion of the community must contribute to buy the landlords out, sweeten the ground, build new houses on it, and take all the risk of the jobbery and robbery that invariably attend such undertakings. Is that Municipal wisdom? When we remember how often it has been said (at London County Council meetings and elsewhere) that the Vestries do not put the law in force against owners of foul house-property because such property happens to be a favourite holding with Vestrymen themselves, what can we think of the Council's cleverness in publicly accepting the excuse that the Vestries are sometimes powerless? How many more of them will become powerless after that? Why should the Vestryman purge himself of his foul property now? Why should he not rather extend his speculations in slum houses and spend less than ever in keeping them wholesome? To such questions as these the Council, or its overwhelming majority, seems to have been completely blind or totally indifferent when it rejected the advice of the minority, which was to order an exhaustive trial of what can be done to force "Boundary Street" house-owners to make their property fit for occupation. Now we have only to see what the outcome of the grand experiment will be; though of that no man with a reasoning imagination can have much doubt.

THE FRENCH TARIFF.

THE French, who have lately been so very angry with the United States for their commercial policy, are elaborating a McKINLEY Bill of their own. As M. LÉON SAY put it in his recent speech on the Budget, the demand of the modern voter to his Ministry is "Make me rich." He

has no doubt that the Ministry can produce the miracle, and he knows even exactly how it is to be done. Nothing can be simpler. It is only necessary to prevent the foreigner from coming in with cheaper goods, and the task is performed. When the foreigner retaliates or acts on the same principle himself, the French can make a lamentable outcry; but that is another matter. They still continue to believe in their nostrum, and are insisting that it shall be applied. Therefore a Committee has been at work on a Tariff Bill which is to enrich the nation in the proper way.

The Bill which the Ministry is supporting with zeal, which the Committee has reported on, and the Chambers will be asked to pass, provides for the formation of two tariffs—a minimum and a maximum. Of these the minimum is to be applied to the produce of those countries which allow France the most-favoured-nation treatment; but it is only to be applied under very rigid guarantees. In the first place, it is to be fixed, and the Ministry is to have no power to modify any of the clauses by decree. It will, therefore, not be possible for any French Cabinet to make a special arrangement of even a temporary character with another nation. The minimum is all it will be able to offer. In this way the French producer will be protected against the possible weakness of his Ministers. To make his case the more secure, it is intended that the minimum tariff shall not be applied to the trade of the self-seeking foreigner who comes trading to France, for a fixed period of years, by treaty. France is to retain full right to defend herself by putting on the maximum whenever she feels aggrieved. She is herself to be, as a matter of course, the sole judge of the grievance. Whenever, therefore, the foreigner begins to abuse the hospitality of France by underselling the native trader, he will be at once brought to reason by a dose of maximum. It is not intended that foreigners should do a large selling business in France. They may come there to buy as much as they please; but if they forget themselves so far as to sell on a large scale, they will be maximumed into a more modest line of conduct. It is believed that when France has made this quite clear to her neighbours, they will at once see the necessity of granting her the most-favoured-nation treatment, and something over and above as a becoming recognition of that generosity which is an unfailling trait of the French character. French diplomatists will be able to say, "This is the best we choose to give you, and you will observe that we have fixed it with an exclusive regard to our own interests, and none whatever to yours. You can hope by good behaviour to secure it; but remember that the privilege will be withdrawn as soon as it ceases to be deserved. As long as your trade with us is a great deal of buying and next to no selling, you may revel in the enjoyment of the minimum. As soon as your selling approaches your buying, you shall be maximumed on the spot as an example. Now what will you give us in return for these advantages?" The gains of diplomacy conducted on these terms are not likely to be considerable. Some suspicion that this is not the way to make satisfactory arrangements with neighbours is beginning to arise among the French themselves. The Chamber of Deputies has this advantage over the House of Representatives, that it does contain a certain number of educated men who are not so utterly afraid of the voter that they dare not insist on facts. The French voter is not yet so completely fooled to the top of his bent as the American, and so it is possible that before the Tariff Bill passes it may be modified by criticism. It is to be hoped that it may. If not, it will certainly produce consequences which will startle the French voter as completely as the rise in prices has startled the free, independent, and intelligent on the other side of the Atlantic.

PHILANTHROPIC MEDDLING AND MUDDLING.

DR. BARNARDO, with his tricks, his manners, and his Homes, has not the charm of novelty as a topic. But, inasmuch as he persists in his practice of setting the law at defiance, not to say the code of ethics which prevails among ordinary men, with the object of bringing up Roman Catholic children in the Protestant faith, it is necessary to track him through his devious ways, so that subscribers to his institution may at least know what they are about.

Few more instructive documents have been recently laid before the public than the considered judgment of the Queen's Bench Division, which was delivered by the Lord CHIEF JUSTICE of England on Tuesday last. The case is not a new one, having been practically decided before the Long Vacation. But the reasons of the judges, Lord COLERIDGE and Mr. Justice MATHEW, were then withheld, so that it was difficult, if not impossible, for any one unacquainted with the facts to appreciate the gravity and importance of the whole story. Now we have it all in black and white, stamped with judicial authority, and set out in excellent English by a master of lucid style. The Court had first to explain why it was incumbent upon Dr. BARNARDO to restore a boy, the son of a certain Mrs. McHUGH, into the custody of the mother; and, secondly, to decide upon the appointment of a guardian, with which Mr. Justice LAWRENCE, as Vacation Judge, had refused to deal. But neither the judgment delivered by Lord COLERIDGE, nor the grounds on which that judgment was based, can be appreciated without a brief narrative of this child's relations with Dr. BARNARDO. The boy is eleven years old, and illegitimate. His parents, although never married, lived together for more than twenty years, which is more than many husbands and wives would do if they were freed from legal and social restraints. A terminable arrangement, however, is usually terminated; and at last the mother became united in holy matrimony to one McHUGH, "apparently a hard-working and respectable, but very poor, man." As the boy is now maintained at the expense of Dr. BARNARDO or his supporters, it does not seem easy to suggest any discreditable motive on the part of the mother and stepfather for desiring to reclaim him. Mrs. McHUGH is, and has been for some time, a Roman Catholic, "so far as she can be said to have belonged to any religious communion." It is a popular fallacy to suppose that any one who dissents from the established worship of the country must be pious. In GALT's *Annals of the Parish* a woman describes one of her relatives or friends as having "left religion and joined the Church." But, whether people be Catholics or Protestants, whether they be Churchmen or Dissenters, whether they be Christians or Jews, whether their faith be deep or shallow, real or nominal, they are entitled to their parental rights until they have forfeited them by misconduct.

Dr. BARNARDO, like the defendant in a notorious case which was heard some five or six years ago, seems to have thought that the boldest and most reckless experiments may be tried with impunity upon the children of the "very poor." He has been taught that that is a delusion, and that he is neither a recognized guardian of infants in humble life, nor an official censor of public morals. If, indeed, he had a mission to correct the errors of others, he would do well to begin with his own. Rather more than two years ago, on the 19th of June, 1888, Mrs. McHUGH gave up her son into Dr. BARNARDO's control. She acted voluntarily, and perhaps wisely. It need not be denied that Dr. BARNARDO is a benevolent man, that his Homes are properly managed, or that many boys leave them with good characters for respectable employment. But Dr. BARNARDO forgets a famous description of law, the law which all must obey, "the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power." He bargained with Mrs. McHUGH that the child should remain in his custody for twelve years. Such an agreement, as any solicitor's clerk could have told him, was absolutely void. Parents cannot divest themselves of their natural guardianship over their children; there is no such thing in this country as legal adoption. Perhaps there ought to be; but there is not. The boy remained with Dr. BARNARDO for sixteen months, and then the mother reclaimed him. It is possible and probable enough that she had been persuaded by some members of her own Church, whether priests or laymen, to educate the child, or have him educated, in the Roman Catholic creed. "However the change was brought about, Mrs. McHUGH changed her mind, and she had a right to change it." What did Dr. BARNARDO? He knew his duty perfectly well. He has enjoyed ample experience of litigation, and has received lessons from several of HER MAJESTY'S judges. He was aware that the mother could do as she pleased, and that the law of the land did not permit him to put any obstacle in her way. He did so put various obstacles, including some of which, as a gentleman and a Christian, he ought to be ashamed. "Making every possible allowance," says Lord

COLERIDGE, "for his annoyance at finding the boy whom he had rescued from misery, and had kept for eighteen months, without charge to any one, in comfort and content, suddenly claimed from him, in order to be handed over to and brought up by a religious community to whose faith he had, as it would seem, the strongest objection, we are constrained to say that the course Dr. BARNARDO took, and the letters which he wrote, or caused to be written, were not to his credit. He seems to have forgotten that what he considered a good end did not justify the attempt to compass it by bad means, and that to write threatening letters to a mother who was asking for her child was not only certain to produce immediate failure, but must needs produce upon the mind of any Court, which had to exercise any discretion as to the custody of a child, an impression very disadvantageous to the writer of such letters."

Dr. BARNARDO cannot complain that the language of the Lord Chief Justice is too strong. It is studiously, some might say excessively, mild. Dr. BARNARDO's conduct was not only disingenuous, but most unfeeling. Five months after he had taken possession of the boy, the mother wished to communicate with her own child. This most natural desire Dr. BARNARDO endeavoured by every means in his power to frustrate. He told her that the lad had been sent into Huntingdonshire, and that she must write to the office at Stepney, which is not in the county of Huntingdon. Even if all questions of religion be set aside, Dr. BARNARDO himself provided Mrs. McHUGH with a good reason for taking the child away. If she really wanted to see her son, what else was she to do? Dr. BARNARDO, setting the law, and other things besides the law, at defiance, refused Mrs. McHUGH's demand, and drove her into an expensive law suit. But he did worse than that. He wrote to Mrs. McHUGH in terms which speak for themselves and for the disposition of the man who used them. "It will be necessary," he wrote, "to satisfy the judges of the perfect respectability, sobriety, and morality of your own character and life, and a close and searching inquiry will have to be made into your habits and mode of life, extending over many years." "Of course," he added, with a sneer—which is to bad taste what bad taste is to good—"of course it is very possible that you have nothing to fear from any such inquiry, and that you may be able to satisfy the Court that your life has been a perfectly pure and virtuous one, that your companions have been altogether good and respectable, and that you are yourself a sober and moral person, and that in every other way you are really fit to be the guardian of the child." Dr. BARNARDO appears in this passage to hint that this woman's character unfitted her for the exercise of maternal control. He seemed also to accuse her, as he subsequently did accuse her, of "unnatural, brutal ill-treatment." These are very serious imputations. If Dr. BARNARDO could have established them, he would have retained the child. But the judges find that they are not established, and that they are as false as they are defamatory.

Dr. BARNARDO, in pursuance of his amiable design for getting up a case against this poor woman, set detectives to watch her wherever she went. They were private detectives; and, although amateurs, they acted after their kind. Some of them were men, others, we regret to learn, were women; and the precise nature of their pleasing task is thus indicated by Lord COLERIDGE:—"Where she went, with whom she consorted, how long she stayed in this public-house, how long in that, what she was seen to drink, how much more she may be presumed to have drunk, what she paid, and what others paid for her; nay, what language she used, overheard when she did not know she was being watched through a door ajar—language which a lady was not ashamed to listen to, or to note down, though she professed to be ashamed to repeat it; all this collected for months with indefatigable assiduity, by Dr. BARNARDO's friends, we have been compelled to listen to at great length, either from affidavits or oral evidence, in order to blacken the character of Mrs. McHUGH, and deprive her, if possible, of the control over her own child." It is a loathsome picture, and all decent people must be glad that such ignoble efforts should have failed. The Court find that, although Mrs. McHUGH is a poor woman, although her habits are rough, and her mode of living precarious, she is not what Dr. BARNARDO tried to make her out, and she is very far from being disqualified for the care

of her own son. She is not the sort of person whom the Court would select as the guardian if she were not the mother. But, in the first place, she is the mother, and, in the second place, she has nominated as guardian a gentleman admitted by the other side to be perfectly unobjectionable, "except that he is a Roman Catholic." Moreover, the judges find against Dr. BARNARDO, as well as in favour of Mrs. McHUGH. "We are strongly of opinion," they say, in words which should attract the notice of the charitably disposed—"we are strongly of opinion that Dr. BARNARDO's conduct in this case (with which alone we are concerned) shows that he is unfit to have the uncontrolled and absolute power which he claims over Mrs. McHUGH's child." After an examination of the boy himself, the judges were further satisfied that Dr. BARNARDO's charges of cruelty against Mrs. McHUGH were utterly without foundation. There remained only the point, founded upon a characteristic question put by Mr. Justice MAULE, that a mother was a stranger to her illegitimate children. Mr. Justice MAULE was doubtless acquainted with the Countess's case reported in *Tristram Shandy*. In the opinion of the vulgar, the Countess was related to her son, and, as Captain SHANDY judiciously added, "the vulgar are of this opinion still."

MR. GLADSTONE'S SILENCES.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Midlothian speeches have been so exhaustively discussed by Lord HARTINGTON and others that one would hardly have supposed it possible for Mr. GOSCHEN, speaking at Halifax the other day, to discover an untouched corner of the subject. Yet, although he went over a good deal of the ground which had already been traversed by Unionist critics—not shrinking, indeed, from a discussion of the conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE's friends, those bludgeon-wielding "defenders of the law against the police" at Mitchelstown, or from an attempt to palliate the "cruel act" of Inspector MARTIN in arresting Father M'FADDEN on the "sham charge" of a murder which had not been committed—his address of last Thursday was not confined to the refutation of Mr. GLADSTONE's thrice-told tales of calumny and incendiarism. There was something more, too, in his speech than a mere criticism of the arch-sophist's attempt to trim between contending parties on the questions of Disestablishment and the hours of labour, or than an exposure of his shameless tergiversation on the subject of the liquor laws and the property of the publican in his licence. The last, indeed, is a matter on which there is a good deal more to be said than Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents have apparently yet cared to say, and with regard to which they might, we think, with advantage keep the right honourable gentleman's record a little more persistently before the country than they do. They might, for instance, remind the public, as Mr. GOSCHEN has done, that it is not the licensed victuallers alone who have to complain of his deliberately turning his back upon views which he declared a few years ago to be the simple expression of political honesty and legislative justice, but that the course taken by him has been fraught with mischief to the cause alike of his present teetotal friends and of the party who clamour for administrative economy and protection of the Imperial and local coffers at any cost to conscience and principle. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, we may say, has done well to remind the more moderate temperance party—those who believe in the promotion of sobriety, not by prohibition, but by a reduction in the number of licensed houses—that the statesman who now poses as their leader has done them a worse turn than any living man. Mr. GLADSTONE's attack on the licensing clauses of the Local Government Bill of last Session was founded on the contention that it would add an enormous increment to the value of the investments already sunk in the licensed victuallers' trade. Let those who lament the difficulty which financial conditions throw in the way of effecting any considerable reduction in the number of licensed houses remember that foremost among the causes of the multiplication in the number and of the enhancement in value of publicans' licences was Mr. GLADSTONE's unequivocal recognition, a few years ago, of the vested interest in them of their holders. They had a right to think their property safe when the one statesman

who has given property most reason to fear him pronounced their title a good one; and they were not more unable than the rest of the world of that day to realize the lengths to which Mr. GLADSTONE could go.

However, it is not this part of Mr. GOSCHEN's speech which contains its most effective and valuable passages. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has been the first to note the fact that, in all the copious disquisitions on Irish affairs which filled Mr. GLADSTONE's Midlothian discourses, there was not one word of reference to the important question which, in a few weeks time, will again be occupying the attention of Parliament. It might have been expected that a flood of light would have been poured upon the subject in that series of harangues; but, as Mr. GOSCHEN truly says, "not a ray, not a spark, not a glimmer" is visible. Not the most enthusiastic Gladstonian has the slightest idea at this moment whether Mr. GLADSTONE adheres to the view of Lord SPENCER and Mr. MORLEY, that land purchase ought to be dealt with before the final settlement of Home Rule, or whether he has abandoned that opinion. All we know on the matter, though it is, to be sure, a rather significant and ominous piece of knowledge, is that four years ago Mr. GLADSTONE told the Irish landlords that the "sands were running out," and that, unless the Irish landlords accepted his proposals, they would find themselves in a very dangerous position. Nothing, it is true, has been done by the landlords to hasten the running out of the sands, and it was equally beyond their power to do anything to retard it; and no less true is it that, on Mr. GLADSTONE's own professed principles of dealing with the land question, he ought to turn the hour-glass again if he comes into power, and make the landlords a new offer in place of that which they never had the opportunity of either accepting or rejecting. But, although it was pretty distinctly intimated to them that the same offer which was made to them in 1886 will not be repeated, lest the statesman who made it should endanger votes—which he has frankly told them is not to be thought of on a mere question of giving a class of the community their admitted rights—they have never had a word or a hint to inform them whether any alternative offer would, in the event in question, be substituted for it. Yet this is a point on which, not the Irish landlords alone, but the English public, have a claim to be enlightened. They are entitled to know whether the leader of the Opposition is or is not now meditating a course in which two of his principal followers will be unable, consistently with their personal honour, to support him—the course, that is to say, of abandoning the possessors of landed property in Ireland to the mercies of a party which almost avowedly intends, if it ever gets the chance, to extinguish their interests by simple processes of confiscation.

Another point on which Mr. GLADSTONE would have been heard with interest in Midlothian, and on which his silence fully justifies the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's observations, is the immediate question of "remedial legislation" for Ireland. On that, too, the Government have had no light nor help, though the approach of the winter, with its menace of scarcity in certain parts of Ireland, might surely, one would think, have lent urgency to the question in the mind of so philanthropic a statesman as the member for Midlothian. Yet no word had he to say on the contemplated measures for the relief of distress; nor a syllable had he to utter in excuse for the deeply discreditable attitude of the Front Opposition Bench when the Light Railways Bill was under debate last Session. "I do not think," said Mr. GOSCHEN, "that there were ten Liberals, official or otherwise, who assisted us through those long nights. There are many ex-Chief Secretaries in the House of Commons; there is Mr. MORLEY, there is Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, there is Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN"; but the last-named statesman did not expend any of "his flimsy rhetoric on even helping us to pass so simple and quiet a measure as the Light Railways Bill for Ireland," and "the philosophic processionist in the Tipperary riots did not join one weary procession through the lobbies of the House of Commons" from midnight to six in the morning of the all-night sitting. Surely there was here matter worthy of Mr. GLADSTONE's notice, if he had condescended to remark upon it.

STRAY SHOTS IN COURT.

ON Monday Mr. Justice Denman gave his considered decision on a point which has remained singularly unsettled in modern law. Since there has been any law at all it has not been doubted that one must not shoot people wilfully without justification, and since the law of civil wrongs has assumed a settled form and been regularly developed in England, or practically for about two centuries, it has been clear that one must answer for shooting people, even by accident, if the accident was due to any carelessness on the shooter's part. The case of pure and simple accident—in other words, accident such as the shooter could not have avoided by any caution that could be reasonably expected of him—was doubtful till this week in England. In the United States many decisions, and the general opinion of lawyers, have anticipated the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Justice Denman. This is the conclusion of modern common sense—namely, that a man is not answerable for mishap ensuing, without any default of his own, on an act lawful in itself. We shall have to mention another consideration which may affect the particular case of shooting; but on the broad question of principle Mr. Justice Denman has done good justice and judgment. As might be expected, the parties differed widely as to what had happened. But, as the jury found that the defendant was not guilty of negligence, they must have accepted the defendant's version. And we may add (though the judge could not) that a jury is not very likely to agree in a verdict for the defendant in such a case unless the defendant's evidence appears to them pretty convincing. The defendant's case was that the plaintiff, being in attendance on the shooting party, was struck by a shot glancing from a bough in the defendant's line of fire. The main part of the charge took effect as it was intended to do, and killed the bird at which the defendant fired it. The plaintiff was not in the line of fire, nor so near as to be in any obvious danger. Such being the facts on which the judgment is founded, it is plain that the decision cannot operate as a license to sportsmen to shoot beaters. It lays down the rule of immunity only where the facts establish, to the satisfaction of a jury, that the shooter has not been in any way negligent. Careless handling of a loaded gun or any other dangerous thing will be no less disapproved by the law than before, nor its consequences less severely visited.

Some curiosity may be felt as to the manner in which the general rule of law could be doubtful in the year 1890. Could it be supposed that the Common Law, which is said to be the perfection of reason, would require a man to pay damages for an injury which, though caused by his act, happened against his will, and in spite of his using all reasonable care? The truth is that the modern view has had to struggle with relics of a much more archaic state of habits and ideas. Our ancestors a thousand years ago were still, in matters of law, far behind the Romans of even republican times. They had not reached the point where it is possible to discuss any such refined question as that of negligence. Every man was expected to answer for the direct consequences of his acts, without regard to any distinctions of intention or care and caution; on the other hand, there were no means of making him answer for anything else. He might have to choose between a heavy fine and a blood-feud for matter of pure accident; he might also go scot-free for what we should now consider gross negligence. "What he did against his will he must make good with his will"; *wer wunlich gethan muss wilitig zahlen*; such was the old Germanic maxim, and it appears in a Latinized form in England as late as the twelfth century, in the customary known as the Laws of Henry I. When the modern theory of liability for negligence even by omission was introduced, it ought logically to have superseded the older notion of strict liability for acts and for acts only. But the development of law cannot be logical all at once, and that older view goes on cropping up in English law-books down to the present century. Indeed Lord Cranworth, little more than twenty years ago, went as far as the twelfth-century compiler. "In considering whether a defendant is liable to a plaintiff for damage which the plaintiff may have sustained, the question in general is not whether the defendant has acted with due care and caution, but whether his acts have occasioned the damage. . . . And the doctrine is founded on good sense. For when one person, in managing his own affairs, causes, however innocently, damage to another, it is obviously only just that he should be the party to suffer." If "innocently" includes "acting with due care and caution," the doctrine seems to us neither just nor sensible. Happily this saying (which does not seem to have been brought to Mr. Justice Denman's notice) was not part of the actual decision of the case in which it occurred. And by like good fortune there is not any other decision of authority which requires this doctrine to support it. Lord Cranworth appears to have thought there was; but he fell into the error of taking a dissenting opinion of a seventeenth-century judge, Sir Thomas Raymond (reported elaborately and complacently by himself, as the custom then was) for the judgment of the Court.

In the United States the more rational opinion has long prevailed. In the year 1866 a wooden case of unknown contents was consigned to an Express Company to be carried to San Francisco. Something oily was seen to be leaking out of it on arrival, and, lest this should damage other goods, it was removed to the Company's offices to be examined. It was opened like any other case with a mallet and chisel, or rather opened itself,

and a good many other things, in an unexpected manner. Of that mallet and chisel and the man who held them, and the case, and the other persons in the office, nothing more was ever seen, and the building was left a wreck. For the stuff was nitro-glycerine, which somebody had consigned without declaring its nature. At that time very little was generally known about nitro-glycerine, and the Express Company's people had no reason to suspect what this case really was. Here was grave damage to persons and property directly caused by the act of the Company's servants in opening the case; but the Supreme Court of the United States held the Company free from any liability beyond their duty as lessees to repair the office which they rented. The case had been handled in the usual way of business, as prudent carriers would handle any goods of that appearance. We may suppose, however, that Express Companies were less eager to accept nondescript wooden cases for some time afterwards. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts had already deemed it, many years before, the act of a prudent citizen to get his dog out of a fight, and for that purpose to beat both the dogs; and the accidental striking of a bystander, who was behind that lawful dog-owner of Massachusetts and his lawfully wielded stick, was held to be no trespass. This is directly contrary to the opinions expressed at various times in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England. As those opinions are not of authority in the strict sense, the American decisions are entitled, even in English courts, to quite as much weight.

Another question is behind, however, which Mr. Justice Denman's judgment does not appear to have dealt with. Granting the general law to be that one is not liable for merely accidental results of one's lawful acts, yet there are some things which are so notoriously dangerous that whoever keeps or uses them (unless under some express command or authority of the law) must answer for any damage ensuing to his neighbours. This is the rule with regard to wild beasts, and the Court of Appeal has quite lately applied it to an elephant kept in a show. Now there is certainly some authority for including loaded fire-arms in this class of dangerous things, and the discharge of them, except, perhaps, in the course of military duty, in what Judge Holmes, of Massachusetts, has called "extra-hazardous acts," which are done wholly at the doer's peril, though not in themselves unlawful. In 1816 the Court of King's Bench held a man liable for wounds inflicted by a gun in the hands of a maid-servant whom he had sent to fetch it. She loitered on the way back, and played the criminally foolish (and unhappily still common) trick of pointing the gun at a child. Probably she thought it could not go off, for her master had told her to get the priming taken out (the gun was, of course, a flint-lock), and this had been done. This was no excuse for her, but it is hard to say in what point her master was incautious, unless it were in not going himself or sending a wiser servant. The decision might be explained as meaning only that more than ordinary caution is needed in dealing with obviously dangerous things like fire-arms. Doubtless the defendant might have done more, though what he did might have seemed, before the event, sufficient to a man of average prudence. What the judges said, however, was that "the gun ought to have been so left as to be out of all reach of doing harm"; in fact, it ought to have been unloaded. In other words, a loaded gun, so long as it is loaded, is one of the "extra-hazardous" things a man deals with at his peril. The reasons given for this decision would not be binding on the Court of Appeal, nor, indeed, the decision itself. Mr. Justice Denman, however, was bound by it, and it is somewhat surprising that, so far as appears by the *Times'* report, the case, which is a well-known one, escaped the attention of the judge and of counsel on both sides.

On the other hand, there is a possible reply to the argument based on the "extra-hazardous" nature of fire-arms. It may be the rule that a sportsman, even the most cautious of sportsmen, shoots at his peril as regards the passer-by. But can a man take advantage of that rule who has gone of his own free will, with or without reward, for the very purpose of accompanying a shooting party? He is entitled to due care and caution at the hands of the shooters; but must he not be content, having put himself there, to take whatever risk of inevitable accident there may be? Is not his case within the principles of which the maxim *volenti non fit injuria* is the common professional compendium? We are not disposed to express any decided opinion upon this argument, but it seems, at any rate, a plausible one. If Mr. Justice Denman's judgment should be appealed from, the points we have suggested would certainly have to be discussed. Otherwise they must take their chance of being raised again some day in some other more or less similar case. For the sake of the law and of future suitors an authoritative judgment of the Court of Appeal would be a desirable thing. But suitors are not moved to appeal by a disinterested love of legal science, and the amount in dispute is not large. We fear, therefore, that the relation of Mr. Justice Denman's judgment in this present case of *Stanley v. Powell* to that of the Court of King's Bench in *Dixon v. Bell* will be food for private speculation for some time to come.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

AN amusing little story in *Macmillan* this month introduces a conversation between Terence and two of his friends—Scipio Africanus and Lælius—and in the course of it the latter

declares the fact to be that "there are only a certain number of characters, a certain number of plots, suitable for comedy, and they have been already occupied." Scipio, not perhaps unnaturally, asserted that there had been generals since Agamemnon, but Lælius maintained that "we live not at the beginning of literature, nor even in the middle, but at the end of it. The broad field of invention has been reaped, and but the gleanings are left for us to do. An original dramatist has become impossible, since no original materials remain for him to handle." Centuries have passed, each one of them has brought with it an increasing number of gleaners, and it is no wonder that few ears of novelty have been left ungathered. Mr. Carton, in his new play *Sunlight and Shadow*, has apparently made no search for anything hitherto left undiscovered in the broad field of invention of which Lælius spoke. He has taken a story which, if it does not actually go back to the period of Huon de Bordeaux, Ogier le Danois, Triante the White, or the Contes et Fabliaux—we seem to have a glimmering of some such legend in one of the earliest of romances—is probably contemporary with the time when marriage was regarded as a binding contract. A man is in love, his affection is returned, the wedding day is fixed, and the man's wife, who was supposed to be dead, appears on the scene. The story has been told hundreds of times in all languages, and this is the legend which Mr. Carton presents once more. That out of such material he should have made a thoroughly interesting and sympathetic play, which sustains attention from rise to fall of curtain, says very much indeed for the exceptional ability with which he has handled his familiar theme. It is not too much to assert that *Sunlight and Shadow* raises Mr. Carton to a position very near the first rank of living English dramatists, for his chief personages have remarkable vitality, and we find his dialogue possessing the double merit of literary excellence and of appropriateness to the characters by whom respectively it is spoken.

The weakness of this work lies in the fact that in his almost idyllic little play Mr. Carton has introduced an element of melodrama. The whole proceedings of Janet Felton, otherwise Mrs. Mark Denzil, constitute a blot on the piece. She is a personage from quite another class of play, and the incidents in which she takes part are of a very theatrical character. We do not understand why she calls at all on Dr. Latimer, the country doctor, whose daughters are the heroines of the play, or how she guesses that the husband who has not seen her for twenty years is about to visit his old friend; while that they should arrive just at the moment when Helen Latimer has put down his letter on the table in the garden is too much of a coincidence to be accepted. A week later she calls on the Doctor again and steals a pocket-book full of money from a bureau in his room, money which is obviously put there to be stolen, a detail impressed upon the audience with something of childish simplicity; but she did not go there to rob him, nor for any other reason that can be fathomed. Her melodramatic instincts come to a climax when, discovered by Helen in the act, and bidden to restore the pocket-book, she violently assaults the girl—a very curious mistake on the part of the dramatist, for the violence emphasizes the circumstance that the whole character of Mrs. Denzil is outside the picture, the product of glaring colours crudely laid on. Mr. Carton's play is so good in other respects that he would do well to reconsider his Janet, whose portraiture, it must be admitted, receives little assistance from the hands of its exponent.

It is upon the crippled choir-master, George Addis, and the Doctor's eldest daughter Helen, that the dramatist has bestowed his chief care. Mark Denzil, the husband, who hopes he is a widower, is a more ordinary type, very like the usual run of such personages as customarily represented; Mr. Yorke Stephens, at any rate, does not succeed in investing him with new attributes, and he is so much less sympathetic than George that we are inclined to regret the fruition of his hopes, seeing that they involve George's despair; but all this is, nevertheless, very nicely balanced from the dramatic point of view, and the strength and freshness—the beauty, in fact—of the play arise in a great measure from the nobility of George's self-sacrifice, his generous renunciation of the bliss that is within his reach. Latimer's daughters, Helen and Maud, have regarded George as a brother; Maud is too light-hearted to reflect much upon what does not immediately concern her, but the more thoughtful Helen has never suspected the nature of George's feelings for her. The bent of his hopes is indicated by Mr. Alexander with the most admirable delicacy. The girl, we see, need never have perceived his love for her, but we cannot mistake it. It is as easy to over-do as to under-do such an indication as is here required, but Mr. Alexander's fine sense and tact enable him to strike the precise mean. A tell-tale mirror, the existence of which Helen has forgotten, reveals to George that the girl he loves so deeply is not for him—Denzil has won her consent to be his wife—and here the shock, and the brave struggle to bear it for her sake, are shown with notable skill. But it is in the last act that Mr. Alexander, most ably seconded by Miss Marion Terry as Helen, rises to the full height of the author's conception. George has declared himself. As he believes that Helen is severed from the man she has loved, and he is to go abroad next day to return no more, George may speak, and he does; and she, pitying him very much and loving him a little for his gentleness and devotion to her, the nature of which she now for the first time understands, promises to be his wife; but at this moment he learns, by means of a

letter, that Denzil's wife is dead; and now begins the strife within him. He feels that he ought to speak; shall he do so and yield up all his hopes, or may he without dishonour be silent? The intensity of the struggle is realized with startling force. It is a situation worthy of an actor's best power, and it could not receive worthier treatment. Miss Marion Terry wins her share of honour. George's avowal of a tenderer love than she had imagined he could feel for her was received with the keenest apprehension of character and incident. Miss Terry is admirably natural and womanly. The humours of a pair of lovers, the Doctor's younger daughter Maud and a young gentleman of modest mental capacity ("Two souls with but a single thought," the girl quotes, and continues, "and if I marry Adolphus, I shall have to supply the single thought") are suitably presented by Miss Maude Millett and Mr. B. Webster. Mr. Nutcomb Gould plays the Doctor, a part devoid of marked characteristics, which he treats, however, with unobtrusive ability. The piece is chiefly welcome as proving that much may reasonably be anticipated from Mr. Carton. There is reason, indeed, to hope that we have found a new dramatist.

MILTON FIN DE SIECLE.

WHEN Mr. Spratly published Book I. of *Religion, or God And All Things*, he claimed for it, or for the Prologue of it (it is not quite certain which), "a unique arrangement of vowel sounds." He now publishes Books II., III., and IV., under the title of *The Rise and Reign of Chaos* (London: Digby & Long), and observes in his preface that he doubts "the wisdom of forcing a minor beauty to such an unprecedented extent," and, in fact, "while claiming a victory as the result of his endeavour, confesses to the meagreness of results achieved, and relegates for ever the vowels and their sounds to a less conspicuous sphere of usefulness." By way of apology for this "blunder"—which was also a victory—he observes that "a self-taught writer must always be severely handicapped in competing with more elaborately-educated rivals," and this is very true. He also explains that "what induced the author to play with the vowels was his having read somewhere that the majesty of Milton's verse resulted in a great measure from his having, either naturally or by design, given much attention to the arrangement of vowel sound." It is impossible not to feel some regret for the discontinuance of Mr. Spratly's experiment, and that regret is accentuated by the observation of a provincial critic concerning the former volume, duly recorded upon the fly-leaf of this one, that "As a repetitious vowel list Mr. Spratly is virtuous compared with Milton." Alas! he repetitious-vowelizes no more.

It is not easy to surmise what the contents of the first volume can have been, or whether the "unique arrangement of vowels" was an arrangement in words meaning anything. Perhaps it was something in the nature of "nonsense verses," and if so, that would account for the fact that Book II. of the "Scientific Epic" begins about as long ago as anything can—that is to say, when nothing existed except the Almighty. The three books now before us contain Mr. Spratly's version of the preliminaries of creation. It is to this effect: First there came to be "elements personified as gods." Their names were principally "Aurum, proud monarch of a wealthy sphere," "Argentum, beauteous god," "Carbona, genial sovereign of warmth," "Wolfram, Borontus, Stannum, minor gods," and "Hydragium," who "was a prince of changeable mood." Each of these was "an almighty king," and as their respective qualities just balanced each other, it was "the age of equipoise." In other words, nothing happened. After a period there was created in the immediate neighbourhood of each of these gods "an awful reproduction" or second edition of him. The awful reproductions instantly rushed off to a "central point of space," where they all immediately killed each other, and "in a moment all again was calm." From their remains "a goddess swift emerged," who was made up of them all, and whose "name was Order." Order proceeded to have several sons, whose names were Light, Truth, Love, Faith, Right, Peace, and Joy. The last two were twins, and lived on one throne.

From every undulation of their smile,
Those monarchs reigned the favourites of space:
All shared their good; all banqueted with Joy,
And nestled in the soothing arms of Peace.

These gods having been brought into existence it was their duty to devise and carry into effect a scheme of creation. Light, by command of Order, built a Hall all made of flames and light of different colours. Aurum and the other gods came to hold a debate as to how they should proceed, and "sat serene, Who first should speak all grandly unresolved." Truth first spoke, and pointed out that they had something in common with the images of Mr. Gladstone's recent idolatry. He said:—

... your first act is learning how to act.
Your freedom and your native wisdom shall
Intuitive direct, spontaneous lend,
In paths wherein experience might fail;
Yourself the authors of the grand design.

The debate was begun by Aurum, who said they should rebel against the Divine command, and do nothing. Ferrum, on the other hand, proposed that they should proceed to make a plan of

creation. They divided, and Ferrum's amendment was carried by thirty-six votes to five. Rival schemes of creation were then proposed, and the debate became so noisy that the roof of the hall fell in, and

... The thrones were overwhelmed
With falling beams [of light, not wood]; and fractured rays transixed
The groaning gods. Thick ichor flowed from wounds

In sacred floods voluminous that rolled
Tempestuous down each throne...

From this ichor sprang Chaos, destined to become better known as Satan, and he, like Order, begat sons, whose names were Force, Wrong, and War. After this the plot becomes exceedingly complicated, but the upshot of it was that at last Chaos and his family were left in possession of most things.

The extracts incidentally given above hardly do justice to Mr. Spratly's command of blank verse. Lines like "All the host of vascillating monarchs" (it reads as if the monarchs had anointed themselves with vaseline), "Deep, dark, and wide, which soon engulfed," "He no laws of equity obeyed," "The alimmental life of Godhead and of man," show that he can count not only ten, but also eight, nine, and twelve. Nor would it be generous to take leave of him without quoting his description of how the weak-minded Hydragium addressed the meeting of gods (before the roof fell in):—

He trembled with his own unwise intent.
His garments shook and shimmered, changing shade
With every undulation of his will.
He rose and sat, then rose and sat again,
Five times he tried and failed.

Poor Hydragium!

MONEY MATTERS.

ON Saturday of last week there was a sudden and satisfactory change in the money market. Previously the joint-stock and private banks and the discount-houses had for some time past been injudiciously competing for bills. Apparently they had become tired of restricting their business, and even at the risk of gold shipments they began to underbid the Bank of England. But at the end of last week rates rapidly rose, and at the beginning of this week the supply of money in the open market was so small that applications had to be made at the Bank of England both for loans and for discounts, the discount rate in the open market rising fully to the Bank rate. It is generally understood that this was due to borrowing by the Bank of England for the purpose of getting control of the market, and undoubtedly it was time that something was done. The usual remittances of gold from London to Scotland at this time of the year have now begun. Even before they commenced the stock of gold held by the Bank of England was under 20 millions, and the reserve very little exceeded 11½ millions. If the remittances to Scotland amount, as is generally estimated, to from half a million to three-quarters of a million, they will very seriously reduce the Bank's reserve, and if at the same time a foreign demand should spring up, the Bank would inevitably be compelled to raise its rate to 6 per cent. But just now that might have very unpleasant consequences. For months past prices on the Stock Exchange have been falling ruinously, so that very many operators have been plunged into difficulties. There is an inconvenient lock-up of capital in South American, South African, and other securities, and in consequence there is a very uneasy feeling in the City. Anything, therefore, that would tend to increase that feeling would be unfortunate, and undoubtedly a 6 per cent. rate would have that tendency.

The Scotch demand, though it must make money scarcer and dearer, need not necessarily lead to an advance in the Bank rate. But, if there were to be a foreign demand, the Directors of the Bank of England would have no option but to advance their rate. And unfortunately a foreign demand is by no means improbable. Between the middle of August and the middle of October the Imperial Bank of Germany lost over seven millions sterling in gold, and at the same time its note circulation increased by nearly eight millions sterling. The Bank in consequence raised its rate of discount to 5½ per cent., and its rate of interest to 6½ per cent., and for a while it seemed inevitable that there must be an outflow of gold from London to Berlin. Happily, however, the metal was attracted in large amounts both from Paris and from St. Petersburg, and the German demand in London consequently ceased. But when the rate of discount fell here in London the German demand again began. There have not been as yet actual withdrawals from the Bank, and it is to be hoped that the rise in the value of money in the outside market will prevent it; but that is by no means certain. Of course the directors of the Imperial Bank will not do anything they can avoid to increase the difficulties of London; but if they must have gold, and can get it nowhere else, they will of course take it from the Bank of England. The condition of the New York money market is also very disturbed. The reserves of the associated banks exceed the legal minimum only by a few thousand pounds, and the supply of loanable capital in the market is so small that for a while at the end of last week the rate of interest rose to 30 per cent. And though it fell rapidly to 5 per cent., quotations so wide naturally excited a fear that gold might be withdrawn from

London for New York. We are inclined to think that that is hardly probable. There is in New York as great a lock-up of capital as there is in this country. The fall in prices has been even more ruinous, because more general, and the distrust prevailing is very great, so great that bankers are refusing to take as security many stocks which they formerly freely accepted. It is hardly likely, therefore, that the leading financial houses and bankers will do anything to increase the difficulties of London, for that in turn would inevitably still further weaken the New York money market, and consequently augment the embarrassments in New York. But, though withdrawals for New York are hardly likely, they are yet possible, and may become imperative. Further, the Bank of Spain is in urgent need of gold. Its note circulation at present is not far short of thirty millions sterling, the legal maximum. And it holds less than five millions sterling in coin and bullion. Measures are being taken to supply it with cash, and it is hoped that the metal will be obtained in Paris, but that is not certain; indeed, on Thursday 90,000*l.* was withdrawn from the Bank of England for Spain. Lastly, there is a curious double movement of gold between London and Lisbon. The metallic reserve of the Bank of Portugal is too small, and in consequence the bank has for several months past been withdrawing gold from London; but Portugal is deeply indebted to this country, and as fast as the metal goes into the Bank of Portugal it is taken out again, and sent back to London. Over and above these more urgent demands there are the usual miscellaneous requirements which always have to be met.

While, however, the danger of gold shipments to so many different countries is thus real, there is little likelihood of getting it quickly and in large amounts from any quarter. Some, of course, will come from Australia and South Africa, but not as much as, or as soon as, may be required. The Bank of France could afford some millions, but there is very little hope that it will part with them. Between the 21st of August and the end of October, a period of ten weeks, the Bank of France lost five millions sterling in gold. Most of that large sum went to Egypt and Berlin, diverting from London demands which were very urgent. A small amount also came to London; but it is not thought probable by those best in a position to judge that the Directors of the Bank will part with much more. It is true that even now they hold nearly 47½ millions sterling, and that is more than they really require. But the Directors do not think so. Their policy is to keep an immense stock. If, indeed, there was danger of a serious crisis in London, they would no doubt consent to send a couple of millions of gold to prevent that. As matters stand at present, they seem to think that they have done all that can be reasonably asked of them. But, if the Bank of France will not give it, it is not easy to see where a sufficient supply can be obtained. Possibly it may be got from Russia or Brazil, but that depends upon the Governments of those two countries, and nobody knows anything of their inclinations. It will be seen, then, that there is still a very real need for taking prompt measures to protect, and, if possible, to increase the reserve of the Bank of England. The Directors of the Bank yesterday raised their rate of discount to 6 per cent., as a large amount of gold was withdrawn from Spain.

The silver market continues weak. The speculators in India have not again attempted to run up the price very seriously, and although New York operators have not been selling as heavily lately, yet they sell on every upward movement. On Monday the price was 48½*d.*, on Tuesday it fell to 48½*d.* per ounce, on Wednesday it fell again to 48½*d.* per ounce, and upon Thursday to 48*d.* There is a report that a Chinese loan for six millions sterling is soon to be brought out, and that the larger part of the money will be employed in purchasing silver to provide a Chinese silver currency. Heretofore, though silver has been current in China, it has been in the form of foreign coins, very largely Mexican dollars; but quite recently a Chinese Mint has been opened, and it is said that in future the needs of the empire are to be provided for by the Mint. If this turns out to be true, Chinese purchases will more or less counterbalance sales by Continental countries. But if China buys only six millions' worth, it will not go very far in affecting the market. Still, the opening of a Chinese Mint is significant, for there is no doubt that if the Chinese Government begins to open up the country by means of railways, the capacity of China for absorbing silver will prove as great as that of India, and a great consumption of the metal by China would, of course, change the whole face of the market. But China has not yet entered upon such a policy of development as would lead to a great consumption of silver, and until it does the market will be governed mainly by the demand of India and the United States.

There was a decidedly better tone in the stock markets in the early part of this week than for two months previously. It was believed that no more serious failures were to be expected in the Stock Exchange, and that outside operators had either closed their accounts or had made arrangements that would enable them to tide over their difficulties. But what, perhaps, most influenced markets was the rumour which was current of the probability of an early reorganization of Argentine finance. Dr. Plaza, the Argentine delegate, has very favourably impressed those with whom he has come into communication. He speaks neither too confidently nor too diffidently, and he is believed to have a plan sketched out that will comprehend nearly all the difficulties of the Republic. In the first place, he is said to be willing to buy back from the Company that was formed here a couple of years ago the Drainage and Water-

works of Buenos Ayres. The total capital is ten millions sterling, and it is said that he offers to the Company 5 per cent. Government bonds at a price considerably below par—70 is talked of. If this arrangement is carried out, it will have a very great effect undoubtedly. The Company never floated. The debentures, preference shares, and ordinary shares are in consequence in the hands of the promoters, issuing house, and underwriters. And, as nobody will buy them, they are practically a complete lock-up of capital. If they can be exchanged for Government bonds it will relieve this market immensely. Whether it will benefit the Argentine Government, however, is another question. The capital of the Company was believed here to be so excessive that nobody would apply for the stock, and yet it is said the Government is to return the whole of this excessive capital. Dr. Plaza, it is also reported, is authorized to exchange the Provincial Cédulas for gold bonds guaranteed by the Government of the Province of Buenos Ayres. How the conversion is to be made is not yet settled, but it is understood that a Cédula of the nominal value of 100 dollars is to be exchanged for a gold bond of the nominal value of 50 dollars, the latter to bear 5 per cent. interest. In other words, the existing Cédula holders are to be guaranteed by the Provincial Government 2½ per cent. on the nominal value of their Cédulas. Lastly, Dr. Plaza proposes that the National Government shall assume the debts of the insolvent provinces of the Republic. In return for all this, of course, the great financial houses are expected to provide the money for paying the interest on all Argentine obligations until the country emerges from its present depression and is able to pay its way. The belief that this would be done during the first few days of this week caused a very considerable rise in all Argentine securities, Cédulas as well as Government and Provincial bonds, inspired a hope that the fears lately entertained would soon be dissipated, and encouraged some buying, even of American railroad securities. But on Wednesday afternoon a less hopeful feeling sprang up, and on Thursday a large part of the rise in Argentine securities was lost, a far less favourable view regarding Dr. Plaza's mission being taken. There was also another sharp fall in American railroad securities. In New York as well as here there is much distrust. It is said that bankers are limiting very considerably the accommodation they usually give their customers, that they are examining very closely the stocks that are offered for security, and even are cautious in the amount they lend to any one borrower, however good his credit may hitherto have been. If this feeling lasts in New York, much recovery there is evidently impossible. On the other hand, the telegram published by the *Times* on Wednesday, to the effect that a combination between the Chicago and North-Western and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway Companies is on the point of being completed, for a while added to the new hopes that lately sprang up. The arrangement is being made under the influence of Messrs. Vanderbilt and Messrs. Drexel, Morgan, & Co., and its effect, if carried out, would be not only to give the Vanderbilt interest a through route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but also to lessen very greatly the chance of a new war of rates in the West. It would seem, however, that the proposed combination will be bitterly opposed by those who would be affected by it were it carried out. On Wednesday there was a raid made in the New York Stock Exchange upon all the Vanderbilt stocks, and a heavy fall ensued, the explanation probably being that opponents of the combination hoped to defeat it by frightening holders of the Vanderbilt stocks. This led to a fall in other securities, and its effect was heightened by a break in trusts. Altogether, then, the condition of the New York market appears to be unsound; and, if there is much further fall, it will, of course, increase difficulties in London, and awaken apprehension respecting the settlement next week.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

THE Eighth Annual Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours contains 681 contributions, but very few indeed of these can be considered epoch-making. The show is creditable, without being interesting; the level of merit is high, but there are no peaks that rise from the tableland. Plenty of neat genre, plenty of sleek gentlemen in boots or small-clothes, making love to dear girls in pink or blue or maiden white. Plenty of baby subjects, seascapes, hunting incidents, and historical anecdotes. A few allegories, a few portraits, a few architectural elevations, and an ocean of landscapes—great, small, and middling-sized. Among all this mass of minor art, a great deal that is accomplished, delicate, and pretty; scarcely anything that is strong; and not a single example that strikes the full note, or startles us by its felicitous originality.

Sir James Linton is not worthy of his reputation in two small pictures of a girl in an unpleasant rhubarb-red dress, gathering apples (245), or discovering a bird's-nest (400). Nor could anything be technically less interesting than Mr. Solomon Solomon's large portrait (84) of an old lady in black, surrounded by a sort of belt of yellow chrysanthemums. Mr. John P. Reid's child in a pink and white dress, turning her brilliant eyes to the spectator, in "The Sunny Days of Childhood" (292), is very strongly painted, and redeems the crudeness of the remainder of the composition. Mr. Stock's "The Release" (496), a rose-coloured and full-fledged female soul, soaring into the skies, and spurning her

olive-coloured and green-faced body, is monstrous even as allegory. "Which shall it be?" (517), an episode of the ball, by Mr. Jas. Clark, is a clever bit of characterization. Of the numerous love-scenes in fancy dress, "Married in Haste" (629), by Mr. D. Downing, and "Sweet Silence" (257) are the least insupportable.

With these exceptions, almost everything worth seeing this year at the Institute is either a landscape pure and simple, or a picture in which the figures are small and subordinate. The place of honour in the Central Gallery is given to Mr. T. Hope McLachlan's "A Pastoral" (234), which represents a gloomy pool, ringed about by a single cluster of trees on a bare open moor. This is painted in sombre and somewhat artificial colours, but has a striking character. We prefer to it, however, the same painter's "On Ashham Fell" (244), where a strong pearly light in the west, breaking through a dark and clouded heaven, rakes the scrubby ridges of the brown hill-side very effectively. There is no more effective landscape here than "A Peep of the Arun, looking towards Amberley" (43), by Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, whose name is unknown to us. This is a noble composition, carried out with great care; the treatment of the successive planes suggests the study of Constable and a reference to Cecil Lawson. Mr. David Murray paints so much, and therefore so rapidly, that it is impossible that he should always do credit to his native gifts of style. Each of his three pictures at the Institute this year has merit. His very small "Over the Muir among the Heather" (188) is charming with its fresh blue sky and rosy cloud, and the lowering sky in his "Sultry Weather" (251) is good. But these examples are sketches, and where they seek to be finished productions they are somewhat lacking in truth of impression.

We may mention one or two other paintings which the visitor should endeavour to notice. In the West Gallery, Mr. Yeend King's "Haddon" (65); Mr. Aumonier's "On a Sussex Farm" (75); Mr. John Collier's portrait of himself (97), with a very set expression; Mr. Vernède's landscape called "Winter" (115); a very clever country-scene, the giving to a pair of greyhounds a "Private Trial" (125), by Mr. Frank Calderon, and the fairy gold of Mr. Alfred East's "Looking down on Loch Tay" (136). Mr. Bright Morris's "Ufford Mill, Suffolk" (155), is pleasing in its large simplicity of treatment. In the Central Gallery we note Mr. Walter Osborne's "Across the Downs" (178); some of Mr. Fulleylove's studies of English cathedrals, which, however, we like less than usual this year, the colour being poor; Mr. W. L. Wyllie's fine "A Sou'wester" (209), a long panel of broken sea and busy shore; Mr. Adrien Stokes's "On the Links" (313), sheep in sunlight against brilliant azure sea; Mr. Alfred East's clever nocturne, called "A Night March" (345); Mr. Alfred Parsons's "The Red Canoe" (395); a very small effective "Portrait" (398) of a man, by Mr. J. J. Shannon, and Mr. Overend's "The Cruiser's Captain" (418). In the East Gallery there is little of much interest, but we may mention Mr. John White's picnic on a bright sunny beach, called "Visitors at the Sea-side" (550), as an admirable specimen of natural illumination.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE extraordinary musical activity which was displayed last season by the givers of pianoforte recitals and miscellaneous concerts of every description bids fair to be continued until Christmas. October, which used to be almost a blank as regards music, has this year been marked, not only by the performances of Italian Opera which have already been noticed, but also by the beginning of the thirty-fifth annual series of Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, the thirty-third season of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, and by more than the usual number of minor concerts. The present month promises to be still busier, for Mr. Henschel announces a new series of symphony concerts, Sir Charles Hallé the first of six orchestral concerts by his admirable Manchester band, and Señor Albeniz, the Spanish pianist, two orchestral performances, the programmes of which include several interesting novelties. Amid this crowd of concerts it is only possible to notice the more remarkable features; to review every performance in detail becomes a physical impossibility. Each of the first four Crystal Palace concerts has presented an interesting programme. On October 11 Herr Julius Klengel, a brilliant violoncellist, made his second appearance at Sydenham, when he introduced a very clever and taking concerto in A minor (Op. 34) by Herr Hans Sitt, a native of Prague, who now enjoys considerable reputation at Leipzig. A violin concerto from his pen was played by Mr. Bernard Carrodus at the Gloucester Festival last year, but failed to make much impression. The composition played at the Crystal Palace is a much more favourable example of his powers, and met with deserved success. Interesting alike from its original but masterly construction and its genial and musical character, it should not soon be lost sight of, for good concertos for the violoncello are not too numerous. The symphony at this concert was Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," and the orchestra was also heard in Mozart's overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, the introduction to the third act of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and Beethoven's overture to *Leonora* (No. 2). The vocalist was Mme. Valleria, who sang songs by Larsen, Schumann, and Schubert. The

English version of the last-named composer's "Junge Nonne," which was used, almost deserves reprinting for its absurdity. At the second concert (on the 18th ult.) Mr. Leonard Borwick, the young English pianist who made so legitimate a success last season, played Saint-Saëns's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, Op. 22. The work is different in style from any in which he has been hitherto heard, but his success was nevertheless signal. Apart from a slight tendency to drag the opening Andante Sostenuto, it would be impossible to find any fault with his performance, which was throughout extremely artistic and charming. In his other solos, which consist of short pieces by Chopin and Liszt, Mr. Borwick roused his audience to such enthusiasm that he was forced to return to the platform and play an encore. The programme included two novelties—namely, an overture to Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, the composition of Miss E. M. Smyth, a serenade from whose pen was played at Mr. Manns's Benefit Concert last April, and some ballet music from Goldmark's latest opera, *Merlin*. Miss Smyth's overture, though containing some good ideas and clever writing, did not create an altogether favourable impression, probably owing to the curious inconsequence of the composer's method. She has yet to learn the art of welding her ideas into an harmonious whole; at present the effect of her writing is patchy and disjointed, though it gives evident signs of being the work of a composer of some talent. The ballet music was placed at the very end of a long programme, which included Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, so that an opinion of its merits must be reserved until a more favourable opportunity of hearing it occurs. The vocalist was Mme. Tavary, a dramatic soprano from Munich, who sang last season at Covent Garden. On the 25th M. Emile Sauret, a violinist of repute, took the solo part in a concerto by Joachim Raff (Op. 206), which had not previously been heard in this country. The work is a favourable example of a composer who, if he had written much less, would have attained a far higher position than he did. It consists of the usual three movements, and is probably intended to be regarded to a certain extent as programme-music, since three stanzas by Arnold Böcklin are prefixed by way of motto. These, however, can safely be disregarded, for the music is sufficiently agreeable to need no explanation as to its representing the stormy sea of life, the consolations of hope, and the triumph of a peaceful mind. The concerto was played with much finish and expression by M. Sauret, though his intonation—especially in the higher registers of his instrument—was occasionally slightly faulty, probably owing to his being unaccustomed to the high English pitch. His second solo consisted of Saint-Saëns's brilliant Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (Op. 28), at the end of which he was compelled to play an encore. An interesting feature at this concert was the re-appearance of Miss Thudichum, who has been undergoing a course of study with Mme. Viardot Garcia, the good effects of which were most apparent. Her performance of the air from *Robert le Diable*, "Va, dit-elle," showed that she has made immense progress and has succeeded in overcoming defects which at one time threatened to wreck a very promising career. The symphony was that of Schumann in E flat (Op. 97)—a work which Mr. Manns conducts almost better than any other in his repertory. Last Saturday a very large audience assembled to hear M. Paderewski play Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto. Any doubts which may have been felt as to the Polish pianist's capability of interpreting satisfactorily a work which is so closely associated with memories of many admirable performances of Mme. Schumann were soon set at rest. Though, like every work M. Paderewski plays, the interpretation of the concerto was marked by great individuality, yet the most captious critic could not find fault with the performance. Nothing could have been more exquisite than his *decrendos* and *pianissimo*, or more full of poetry than the way in which the delicate *Intermezzo* was given, while the *Finale* was from beginning to end a brilliant and effective display of *bravura*-playing. Not the least of M. Paderewski's merits is his accuracy and conscientiousness; it is seldom that a pianist is heard who is so free from the faults of playing wrong notes and altering a composer's text. Besides the concerto, M. Paderewski played a rather uninteresting melody (Op. 16) of his own, and Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody, after the latter of which he was forced to give a study of Chopin's by way of encore. The orchestra played Cherubini's "Anaereon" overture, Dr. Mackenzie's beautiful "Benedictus" for violin and orchestra, Berlioz's brilliantly-orchestrated version of Weber's "Auforderung zum Tanze," and Brahms's Third Symphony (Op. 90). The performance of the latter was hardly so good as could have been desired. The gradations of light and shade, upon which so much of the effect of the work depends, were not sufficiently attended to, especially in the Andante and Poco Allegretto. The vocalist was Mr. Ben Davies. Before dismissing the last Crystal Palace concerts it might be well to suggest that some sort of discrimination should be used with regard to the terms in which these performances are advertised. To announce an artist like M. Paderewski as "the marvellous Polish pianist" is more worthy of a music-hall than of so excellent an institution as the Saturday Concerts.

The programmes of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, the first of which took place on Monday, the 20th ult., have for the most part consisted of familiar works performed with all the excellence which Mr. Chappell's patrons have been so long accustomed to expect from the artists whom he engages. On the

opening night of the season a warm welcome was extended to Sir Charles and Lady Hallé on their return from Australia. These old favourites, with Herr Straus and Signor Piatti, have once more delighted the Popular Concert audiences by playing which it would be trite to praise. But, in addition to old friends, Mr. Chappell has wisely engaged the two pianists who made most mark last season, and accordingly M. Paderewski and Mr. Leonard Borwick have been heard for the first time at these concerts, the former on the afternoon of the 25th and the evening of the 27th ult., and the latter last Monday evening. Different as are the styles of the two artists, neither could fail to please, for each in his way is a thorough artist and performer of the first rank. Of the two, Mr. Borwick is more satisfactory in chamber music than M. Paderewski; the pronounced individuality of the latter, especially when displayed in works like Brahms's Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 26, in which he took part on the 25th, or Schubert's Trio in B flat, Op. 99, in which he played on the 27th, harmonizes less well with the playing of such artists as Mme. Neruda and Signor Piatti than Mr. Borwick's quiet and unaggressive method, which contributed not a little to a singularly fine performance of Schumann's D minor Trio last Monday. As soloists each artist achieved a signal success, M. Paderewski choosing for his *début* Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, of which he gave a remarkable interpretation, and Mr. Borwick the same master's thirty-two Variations in C minor.

Brief mention must suffice of the two orchestral concerts given by Señor Sarasate on the afternoons of the 18th of October and the 3rd of November, at which the Spanish violinist's principal solos consisted of the violin concertos of Bernard, Max Bruch (No. 1, in G minor), Saint-Saëns (No. 3, in B minor), and Mendelssohn, in all of which he is heard almost to greater advantage than in any other pieces of his repertory. Both concerts attracted very crowded audiences, which, as usual, insisted upon the concert-giver's playing a number of encore pieces. Among the minor concerts of the past month the most attractive was that given on the 30th at Prince's Hall by Miss Shinner's quartet, assisted by Miss Fanny Davies and Fräulein Füllinger. The programme included Mozart's sixth-string quartet and Dvořák's Pianoforte Quintet (Op. 81), both of which were extremely well played. Among the piano recitals of the month the best were those given on the 23rd by Mme. Berthe Marx, a graceful and refined player, who has been heard here previously, and on the 27th by Master Van den Berg, a young Belgian, who plays in thoroughly good style, and has evidently been well taught. Whether he is likely to develop higher qualities it would be premature to say. It is impossible to commend the discretion of whoever was answerable for the public appearance of another young pianist, Master Isidore Pavia, at two Recitals given at St. James's Hall on October 15 and November 5. He is stated to be of English birth and education, and if this is the case, so far as the latter is concerned, it is no matter for congratulation. Possibly, with proper training, he might make a capable artist. At present his performances leave almost everything to be desired. The record of recent concerts would not be complete without mention of that given by Herr Jan Mulder, a clever Dutch violoncellist, at Steinway Hall, on the 28th ult., or to Messrs. Harrison's concert at the Albert Hall, last Monday, when Mme. Patti, who was in her best voice, once more delighted a huge audience with the familiar songs she has sung so often before. On this occasion she was assisted by Mlle. Douilly, Miss Eleanor Rees, and Messrs. Lloyd, Lely, Barrington Foote, and Schönberger.

THE THEATRES.

LAST week Mr. Mayer opened the St. James's Theatre with *Divoçons*. The play is too familiar to require noticing at length; it is enough to say that Cyprienne was played by her original creator, Mme. Céline Chaumont. This week, however, MM. Sardou and De Najac's piece was replaced by three one-act plays, M. Edmond Godinet's *Les Révoltées*, M. Henri Meilhac's *L'Autographe*, and the same author's *Lolotte*, produced in collaboration with M. Halévy. Mme. Chaumont sustained the leading rôle in each. It is so long since London audiences have seen Mr. Toole, Mr. Irving, or Mr. Hare play in two or more pieces in one night that Mme. Chaumont's varied performance will possess the added charm of freshness to many playgoers and absolute novelty to some. But, whereas English actors generally change the piece with a view to the effect of strong contrast, Mme. Chaumont's success depends upon the wonderful delicacy with which she gives distinctness and reality to characters which are, after all, very much in one key. The order in which the pieces are taken shows a very nice judgment. Julie, the lady's-maid of *L'Autographe*, makes an admirable and agreeable mean between Mme. de Brion, a member of the higher *bourgeoisie*, at one extreme, and Lolotte, the actress, at the other. Mme. Chaumont played each of these characters with all the freshness and spirit which formerly delighted her audiences when she created *Madame attend Monsieur*, *Toto chez Tata*, and her other famous impersonations. She was adequately supported throughout; but M. Lenormant is entitled to a special word of praise. His Chastenay in *L'Autographe* was an admirable performance.

If in the distant future the authors of *La Cigale* should have

occasion to seek a fitting epitaph for the tombstone of their fair offspring, the hackneyed Horatian quotation, *Parturient montes, &c.*, may be confidently, though respectfully, submitted to their consideration. The brain reels under the attempt to distribute praise in due proportion among the numerous producers of the pretty piece. First of all, we have MM. Chirot and Duru, who are responsible for the original libretto; then there is M. Audran, with the laurels of *Olivette* and *La Mascotte* still green upon him; Mr. Burnand, the mere recital of whose achievements would fill many articles; Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, whose name awakens memories of a "Happy Land," and Mr. Ivan Caryll, who has compiled a supplement to M. Audran's work. It is sad, but true, that this galaxy of talent has suffered itself to be thrown more or less into the shade by Mr. Charles Harris's remarkable achievement in the matter of stage management and mounting.

It is wonderful to relate of a comic opera that it has a simple plot. Such, however, is the case with *La Cigale*, which relates how a young person of humble birth, who is wooed by a wealthy lover in jest, wins the heart of the man who had merely intended to trifle with her affections for his own convenience. The three acts represent the incidents, if they can be so dignified, which mark her career from the position of an obscure village beauty to that of a successful cantatrice. The scene of the first act is laid at her village home, near Bruges. All the familiar figures, of course, are speedily introduced, the susceptible duke, the flighty spouse, the comic parent (he is an uncle in the present instance), the lover of humble station, the lover of high station. Then there is the inevitable country bumpkin, and the indispensable chorus, and last, but not least, the village inn. The ballet-dancing, whether of the infants or of adults, which was plentifully interspersed throughout the piece, was not good. Bad style is not the less bad style because it assumes the title and dignity of "The English School." On the other hand, unstinted praise may be given to the taste displayed in the scenic arrangement of the second act, which represented the marketplace and fair at Bruges. The last act was gorgeous rather than beautiful, and the general effect was marred by the method employed in representing a dream which the heroine is made to dream, for no sufficient reason that can be discovered. Any one who failed to consult the book of the play must have been under the impression that he was merely witnessing the common transformation scene of pantomime. It seems a pity to crowd the stage with capable actors, and then give them nothing to do. Mr. Lionel Brough, who played the comic uncle, was not allowed a single opportunity of displaying his abundant talent. Chevalier Scovell, as the lover, sang and acted with considerable success; but he had conceived his part in too serious a vein. Mr. Eric Lewis did wonders with the slender part of the Duke. Of the music it can only be said that it is alike unworthy of the libretto and of the author of *Olivette*. Some of Mr. Caryll's songs, however, were effective enough.

EXHIBITIONS.

TWO collections of paintings are now on view at the galleries of Messrs. Dowdeswells, 160 New Bond Street. A series of cattle-pieces, by Mr. J. Denovan Adam of the Royal Scottish Academy, will delight all North Britons. Of Mr. Adam's century of canvases, nearly all represent Highland scenes, and most of them contain bovine ornaments in the foreground. A motley and a shaggy congregation is gathered together. To the unprejudiced or Southron eye the cattle that form it seem a little to lack modelling, but perhaps their very shagginess made it difficult to suggest defined form beneath their great-coats. But it is surely a defect that so many of the beasts have a one-sided appearance, as if drawn for bas-relief, which demands no off-side in its models. Despite a note directing attention to the superior merits of Mr. Adam's later productions, we confess a preference for some of his early studies, those more particularly in which he tries bold effects of colour. One of the larger canvases, "To the Winter Tryst, through Glen Agle" (14), showing a straggling herd of animals descending a snow-covered valley, has much lovely pearliness of colour in it; but doubtless in such bright sunshine the edges of the shadows cast by the cattle would be more defined. "A Wanderer" (17), a black bullock marching across a desolate wintry expanse, is simple and effective. "Fording a Highland River, Glen Finlas" (34) is fine in composition, the blue of the distance and hills, with the bluer sky above and the stormy clouds sweeping down, causing bold breaking up of light and shade and bringing out the rich colours of the landscape, all help to produce an effective impression. In "Just before Sundown" (78) and "September on the Slopes of Benledi" (92) we think Mr. Adam very happy in the bold way in which he has put in the fine and fierce tawny red clouds on the blue sky, although we think the light on the horizon of the latter example rather weakened by the too pale skins of some of the cattle in the middle distance. The rowan-trees are treated well in this canvas, their wet bunches of berries gleaming out like lamps.

Also at Messrs. Dowdeswells we find a collection of pastels of Hampstead Heath by Mr. Henry Muhrman. The shortcomings of crayons, when used in the manner of body water-colours or of oil-colours, are here fully exemplified, the result being one of scratchiness and heaviness, even of dirtiness, instead

of firmness, finish, or solidity. These views present Hampstead Heath as a dingy spot, with a heavy atmosphere and an utter absence of any actual sunlight. A few of them are pleasantly brightened by the colour of flowers. In "A Field of Buttercups" (30) the streaks of yellow stretching across the green of the field cause a pretty illuminated effect; while the appearance as of lambent flames, caused by the golden tips of the gorse branches, in "Firs and Gorse" (38A), is a charming one. The intense green of the grass in "A Hill" (35) is true to a certain atmospheric effect; but with such a clear colour for background, the dark, sprawling tree in the foreground ought to assert itself more boldly. In "A Winter Effect" (11) the bare branches of the trees are carried to a greater degree of finish, but the impression is one rather of scratchiness than of completeness. The uniform sombreness of Mr. Muhrman's style comes out well in "The Skaters" (29); this drawing gives the impression of frost-bound air; the two muffled figures advancing noiselessly over the ice are good, while the winter effect is true to nature and is well emphasized. It is impossible not to see in Mr. Muhrman a clever artist ruined by affectation and disdain of nature.

At Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo Street is an exhibition of over sixty portraits of animals, done in crayon, by Mr. J. T. Nettleship. To call them wild animals, however, would be to give a false idea of the collection, for the greater number of the subjects of these pastels gaze most serenely, and sometimes even playfully, through the windows of their frames, in the same placid way in which their prototypes of the "Zoo" regard the public through the bars of their cages. Mr. Nettleship's strongest point is his fine rendering of colour, as in his golden foxes and the blue and yellow serpent, both of them radiant with colour. He obtains the feeling of softness in the woolly furs of the bear and the puma. But he should not consider that texture of surface is enough; the bony structure and the muscular contours of the animals should be also suggested. Two drawings, of a skeleton and of a muscular quadruped, would reassure us on this point. This certain timidity of treatment, coupled with an over-careful attention to detail, produces the effect of a radiant mantle thrown over a meagre and ill-clad body. The expressions, however, of Mr. Nettleship's animals, with the suggestion of character, are excellent; the "Wolf" (9) is a ravening wolf, tearing along at full speed; while we feel that the "Fox Trotting" (53) is plainly a gentleman on important business bent. The stiff attitudes of "Otter Playing" and "Otter Landing" (14 and 15) are delightfully affected. Here is a fine "Lion Questing" (18). In the "Bison" (22) the gimlet-like, fierce little eye is very searching and alarming; while the extremely sentimental expression of the upturned eyes of "Lion's Head" (25) is almost ludicrous.

At the Æsthetic Gallery, 155 New Bond Street, is on view a collection of artistic and other silken fabrics of English manufacture. With a few exceptions, the whole of the silks and cotton velvets shown were specially dyed by Mr. Wardle, of Leek, whose name is sufficient to ensure for them a very high quality. The designs are very beautiful; occasionally, as in the case of one or two printed patterns on a woven background, a little over-sumptuous. We have often recommended before, and we now cordially recommend again, the efforts of those who are so skilfully reviving amongst us the industry of British silks.

BEAU AUSTIN.

IT was natural that there should be eagerness in expecting the production of Messrs. W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson's play last Monday at the Haymarket Theatre. The expectation aroused by the names of the authors was so great that one perhaps underrated the difficulties which surround such a task as was undertaken. Literature and the drama have kept up but a bowing acquaintance this many a day, and comparatively few men of letters have any close practical acquaintance with dramatic difficulties. Messrs. Henley and Stevenson have not apparently attempted to overcome any dramatic difficulties; they seem to have ignored them, and, though the result is interesting and even entertaining, it is not completely successful. *Beau Austin* is a strong story; the characterization is always marked, and in one instance highly elaborated; yet it is all packed into a piece which plays for a short two and a half hours, eked out by the long intervals which are now popular. The division into four acts is somewhat arbitrary. Anything like a "curtain" seems to have been intentionally avoided, although in one instance it might have been advantageously used to save the leading character from the charge of inconsistency; but the authors have chosen to sacrifice consistency to the least important of all the unities, and the Beau is transformed from the man of fashion into the man of feeling at a word.

But the dialogue, always good, and at times dramatic, helps to atone for the absence of dramatic situation, and if the Beau's conduct is not convincing, Mr. Tree's carriage and manner go far to obscure the fact. It may well be that Mr. Tree has caught the exact interpretation of the nature of the typical beau, whether of the Restoration or the Regency; his manners, costume, and mode of speech are too studied and self-conscious for those of a gentleman; he is merely painted to look like one.

Not Lord Foppington, the beau of fiction, nor Brummel, the beau of fact, was a gentleman. Vanbrugh, indeed, did not even think the beaux very dangerous in their capacity as lady-killers. In *The Relapse* he makes Berinthia describe them as "those dreadful champions in the field of love"; and, again, when Amanda asks "whether those women we call women of reputation do really 'scape all other men, as they do those shadows of 'em the beaux," Berinthia replies:—

O no, Amanda; these are a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em; men that may be called the beaux antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking on two legs. These have brains, the beau has none. These are in love with their mistress, the beau with himself. They take care of her reputation, he's industrious to destroy it. They are decent, he's a top. They are men, he's an ass.

Therefore it may be that Mr. Tree has given an admirable interpretation of the genus beau, and it may be added that what is known of such creatures as Nash, Brummel, and D'Ossay helps to prove that the theory is tolerably sound. In any case, his rendering of Beau Austin will certainly extend, if it cannot enhance, the considerable reputation he now enjoys as an actor of abundant fertility and resource. His attitude at the end of the second act, as he adjusts his beaver and puts on his gloves in front of the cheval glass, may, perhaps, be singled out as the most distinctive touch in a distinguished performance.

The Beau's victim, Dorothy Musgrave, the heroine of the piece, was played by Mrs. Tree, who deserves the highest praise for her unflinching effort to make the character appear probable. The authors have sacrificed Dorothy Musgrave to the Beau. Though necessarily prominent, her weakness and folly merely serve as a foil to his perfections. It is impossible to believe that a virtuous girl in her position could have been seduced by a man of Austin's character, or that, having been seduced, she would confess her fault to another and more honest lover, reject an offer of marriage from the too readily repentant Beau, and reconsider her refusal, all in one day. It is, indeed, not surprising that such a girl should show herself jealous of a maid in the presence of her aunt. Independently of the manners and morals of any particular period, it is certain that, leaving the question of virtue aside, the Dorothy Musgrave of the play, having once fallen, would have concealed her fault, and embraced the first opportunity of marrying which offered itself; it is probable that she would afterwards deceive her husband, and in the present day she would perhaps end in the Divorce Court.

If an exception be made in the case of the heroine's brother, Anthony Musgrave, a part which Mr. Maurice seems to have somewhat failed to comprehend, the acting was satisfactory. Mr. Fred Terry made the most of his opportunities, and looked the part well. Mr. Brookfield, as the Beau's valet, gave one brilliant and characteristic touch to a part which is quite unworthy of his abilities. Probably no actor on the stage at the present moment could have helped the Beau into his coat so successfully as Mr. Brookfield did. To sum up—the workmanship of the piece, with all its merits and defects, may be said to recall the comedy of Congreve. Its sentiment is, of course, widely different. The play was mounted in excellent taste, and the dresses were very handsome.

REVIEWS.

THE GURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

THE play of *Ravenswood* is said to have reminded many people that there was once a novelist and versifier called Walter Scott. The traces of his existence as revealed in the new publication of his *Diary*, or "Gurnal" (a spelling adopted from his daughter Anne) are of interest both to those who have and to those who have not read the journal as printed by Lockhart. It is not very likely that Lockhart is now much read, except by the faithful who never weary of his consummate picture of a great life, and of the most gallant struggle ever made by a brain nearly outworn and a heart almost broken. The portion of the public which only looks at new books will assuredly find the diary perfectly new to them. The students of Scott will take pleasure in observing the pages which Lockhart for various reasons omitted.

Scott began to keep a journal in November, 1825, when the "spectral" foundation of his fortunes was beginning to rock, when all that gold of Constable's was proving to be fairy gold, an elfin currency with no metallic basis. He continued to write in the locked book till April 16, 1832, the first day after his arrival in Rome. Lockhart published but few passages of the later days; but, except where living persons, as Campbell the poet, or where his own domestic affairs, and Scott's remarks on himself, were concerned, he gave nearly all the bulk of the earlier diary. By permission of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the whole journal, with "the omission of some details chiefly of family and domestic interest," is now given to the world. It is not difficult for critics to remark that too much is given. Scott was inclined to make his notes on the example of Byron's journal. He could not foresee that he would have little to record but calamity, broken health, broken fortunes, bereavement, public disorder, and, besides all these, the chronicle of the

* *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott.* From the Original MS. at Abbotsford. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1890.

most amazing industry, the most desperate fight for honour, on his own part. This struggle of his makes, of course, the chief interest of his notes. He tells us how many pages of how many works he wrote every day, of novels from *Woodstock* and *The Fair Maid of Perth* down to *Count Robert of Paris*, where "the pen began to stagger" in his weary hands. In addition to these there was the *Life of Napoleon*, an almost colossal piece of work in a new field. This it was probably which broke down his unprecedented intellectual vigour. Then there were the *Tales of a Grandfather*; the tedious and by him detested task of the *Demonology and Witchcraft*; many articles in reviews; the *magnum opus* of revising, correcting, and writing introductions to the novels; and, as if all this did not suffice, he was editing by way of holiday old books for the Bannatyne Club. To the very last his mental eagerness was as great as ever. In his Continental tour he not only wrote the unpublished *Siege of Malta*, but was considering his plan of *Reliquie Trocenienses*—an anecdotic catalogue of his library and museum—and schemed a work on the "Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales"—an "attack upon Mother Goose. Spirit of Tom Thumb aid me! I could, I think, make a neat thing of this. Obnoxious to ridicule, perhaps; but what then! . . . I am the reverse of the Idiot Boy,

For as my body's growing worse
My mind is growing better."

It may be objected to the diary that too much is said, not only about the author's health, but about his regimen. Entries concerning his "half glass, or by our Lady three-quarters," of whisky and water, about his rare cigars, about the number of pages he wrote each day, may appear trivial. Scott doubtless expected that extracts only would be printed, and he cannot have recorded these things for the public information. Notes of his attendance at the Law Courts are also of no great value. On the other hand, we are now presented with interesting reminiscences by Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, who lived till 1864, and a couple of days before his death told his daughter that he had been so happy. Scott had been sitting with him; he "had come a long way"—a touching and beautiful illusion or anticipation. There are also a few new letters, and some remarks by James Ballantyne. Lockhart, by the way, omitted a passage in which Scott speaks kindly of "honest James." There are not many fresh passages in the earlier part of the diary. A sketch of Lord Porchester, "a young man who lies on the carpet, and looks poetical and dandyish, fine lad, too," is fresh, if unimportant. Lockhart naturally omitted (i. 21) an account of his own appointment to the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. "Down comes young D'Israeli to Scotland, imploring Lockhart to make interest with my friends in London to remove objections, and so forth. I have no idea of telling all and sundry, that my son-in-law is not a slanderer or a silly, thoughtless lad, although he was, six or seven years ago, engaged in some light satires." He told Southey also that Lockhart was "innocent as to those gambades which may have given offence, and which, I fear, they may ascribe too truly to an eccentric neighbour of their own." Lockhart must learn to despise petty adversaries, among whom Scott reckons Hazlitt and Hunt. There were giants in these days. He feared that Lockhart might make himself disliked by "Hidalgo airs"—"the want of early habits of being in society, and a life led much at college." As to editing, "when John comes to use the carving-knife, I fear Dr. Southey will not be so tractable" as under Gifford.

A person about whom much is said in the diary is Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies. This gentleman was the author of a book apparently little known, but well worth knowing—*Recollections of Sir Walter Scott* (London: 1837). He seems to have been a foolish youth, who thought embarrassments "rather interesting," and who not only fell into them himself, but multiplied the labours of Scott. He was always wanting to be helped, especially to have articles written for his magazine. In the crisis of Scott's pecuniary ruin Gillies was hanging at his skirts. But, strange to say, Gillies was grateful. He wrote that "in his conception of the character of a gentleman he never forgot the leading principles of the cavalier, whose primary duty is to raise the fallen and assist the distressed. As already observed, however, his attentions in this respect were by no means indiscriminate, and he would exact a good deal of exertion and fortitude from a *protégé*, being himself, in his own phrase, 'a hard-working man.'"

Scott's moral greatness was never so clearly shown as in the energy with which he gave his mind, his time, and what money he could regard as his own to aid people very different from Gillies in their sense of his goodness. His diary often mentions "predatory letters," from those queer hangers-on of literature who are never industrious except in begging. Gillies defended him from "the senseless attack of reptiles," the charge of being a tuft-hunter. He really was not the hunter, but the hunted. "He was invariably the sought, not the seeker." "I have, with an involuntary foreboding, said to myself that Scott was too good to live long." Yet Gillies adds that to him Scott always seemed to live alone, to have no friend entirely worthy of him. Thinking of Erskine, Clerk, and Skene, not to mention "that lang bitch Linton," this seems odd, and possibly Gillies was too sentimental. But his noble appreciation of a noble character must not be forgotten by readers who, in the diary, meet Gillies merely in the character of a tedious suppliant. In many respects his "Recollections" is the best book that has been written about Sir

Walter. It appears to be rather rare; and we have only met with two examples.

When the crash came—*summa dies*—Scott wrote more in his diary than Lockhart published (i. 49-50):—"Another person did not afford me all the sympathy I expected, perhaps because I seemed to need little support, yet that is not her nature, which is generous and kind. She thinks I have been imprudent, trusting men so far." We may compare the scene in which old Mr. Sedley confesses his ruin to his wife. Lady Scott's own health had begun to fail, and she was never remarkable for her knowledge of affairs. "She is incredulous, and persists in cherishing hope where there is no hope." And these were the days in which he wrote "Bonnie Dundee." "I wonder if the verses are good. Ah, poor Will Erskine, thou couldst and wouldst have told me." Here Lockhart omits "Tom Campbell lived at Minto, but it was in a state of dependence which he brooked very ill. . . . There was a turn of Savage about Tom, though without his blackguardism." When Mr. Skene was with him at this time, Scott held out his hand, saying, "Skene, this is the hand of a beggar." He compared his exertions to "those of the horses in the Roman race, with loaded spurs attached to them, to whet the rusty metal of their age." By January 1826 he found himself writing the wrong words, a prelude of aphasia, but it was a symptom even in earlier days not absent from his writing. An amusing account of Lady Davy, wife of Sir Humphry, is an addition to the diary. "As a lion-catcher I could pit her against the world." Lockhart leaves out the curious statement that "there is a passage about matutinal inspiration in the *Odyssey* which would make a handsome figure here if I could read or write Greek." To Scott, as to Petrarch, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were sealed books, and the most Homeric of men had never read Homer. Among notes by James Ballantyne is one containing Scott's remark, "What is the value of a reputation that will not last above one or two generations?" He only once showed pleasure in being praised, and the praise was that of Dr. Chalmers! "Dr. Chalmers," he said, "is a man of the truest genius." From Lockhart he received corrections, not unneeded, of his grammar. "Well, I will try to remember all this, but, after all, I write grammar as I speak, to make my meaning known, and a solecism in point of composition, like a Scotch word in speaking, is indifferent to me. I never learned grammar."

Almost alone among authors Scott took the American view of copyright. Cooper suggested a plan (not feasible, no way of getting the better of American publishers is feasible) whereby he thought copyright might be secured. "One cause of Scott's hesitation was the fear that the American public would not get his works at the low prices to which they had been accustomed." Probably the pirates did not even send him the fifty dollars which some of them toss to the man they are robbing.

In the diary of 1827, Lockhart leaves out some reflections on Latin pronunciation, Scotch and English. "I am very unwilling to sacrifice our sumpimus to their old mumpsimus, still more to humble ourselves before the Saxons while we can keep an inch of the old flag flying." It is curious to find Scott reading *Vivian Grey*, "clever, but not so much so as to make me, in this sultry weather, go upstairs to the drawing-room to seek for the other volumes. Ah, villain! but you smoked while you read. Well, Madam, perhaps I think the better of the book for that reason." In a note is published the name of the lady whom Scott loved as long as his life lasted; the name he cut in Runic characters on the turf beside the Castle gate at St. Andrews. She was Williamina Belches, sole child and heir of a gentleman who was a cadet of the ancient family of Invermay, and who afterwards became Sir John Steuart of Fettercairn. In 1827 the name "still agitated his heart." There have been poets more constant than Shelley.

Sir Walter once called himself "no fisher." He did himself injustice. The *Waverley Novels* were entirely due to a search for fly hooks, still in the possession of Miss Laidlaw. In vol. ii. 28 is a note by his friend, the late Mr. Richardson of Kirklands, on Scott's excitement over the playing of a trout. "It's a fish! It's a fish! Hold up your rod, give him line," and the other incoherencies with which the flurried spectator obliges the angler. It was not a "fish" after all. Scott jumped into the Tweed, collared a huge trout, and dragged it forth after it had broken the rod. Purdie, jealous of a Southron's success, cried, "To be ta'en by the like o' him frae Lunnon!" This was at Elbank. Scott also records with triumph how he caught two trout at once on the Gleddis Wiel, where he and Hogg were upset when burning the water in a boat. The Gleddis Wiel is not less good than of old; nine fish were hooked in it on one day six weeks ago. Scott spells it "Gladdis," but the name is probably derived from "Gled," a hawk.

In the space of a review we cannot extract all the new touches in the diary. We must omit Hogg's duel, and the story of the water cow. It is a pity that the editor gives no clue to the name and number of the "Review" which contains "the raw-head and bloody-bones story of Captain Macpherson." It is hard to find a legend which Sir Walter did not know. This tale is still current in Badenoch, and a capital story is that of "The Black Officer." But to find it in an unnamed Review, and compare Scott's version with that which lives in tradition, may prove difficult. The legend does not sound as if it *could* have "a right version." Scott was pestered about it by a Mrs. MacBarnet, "or some such name," a daughter of the Black Officer who spoke

with the Red Deer, and sold himself to the Devil. He who wishes to know the tale, having gone to Port Sonnachan, on Loch Awe, must ask for the boatman from Larich Ban, and he will not be sorry.

One thoroughly Scotch anecdote we must add. Mrs. Hemans was talking to Scott about the peculiar pathos of the words "No more." Now, the lady was "too poetical," as he says, for Sir Walter; so he told her how an old dame, having well drunk, fell off her pillow on Cockenzie Sands. Her husband did not miss her at first, but when he returned the tide had washed up to her lips as she lay, and she was protesting, "Nae ae drap mair, I thank ye kindly." She *might* have said, "Mair sugar!" The new points are not nearly exhausted, nor could they be exhausted in another article of the same length as this. But they are better read in the volumes, where, as we said, all will be quite new to many readers. One or two ghost stories and a singular and touching anecdote of Scott's last day in life are particularly welcome. It is to be observed that the very latest entries are those of an eager and active intelligence—still anxious for work, still kindly, courteous, and humorous. To decipher them, in the cramped and "stammering" hand which once was swift and clear, must have been a serious labour. There is still a large unpublished correspondence of Scott's and of his friends, and it is perhaps not impossible that more light may yet be thrown on his life and his literary opinions. Meanwhile the "Gurnal" is to be read both by those who are and those who are not familiar with the extracts in Lockhart. Mr. Douglas, who is editor as well as publisher, deserves the thanks of the world of letters. One illusion of Scott's, at the time of his illusions, may be noted before ending. He wrote to Lockhart from Naples about a book of extracts relative to James VI. from a supposed collection of the period. He says that Lady Louisa Stuart helped in this task. "The fun is that our excellent friend forgot the whole affair." Probably there was no such affair. Scott himself, in 1822, wrote seventy printed pages of this work, from which Lockhart gives an extract. The book bears a note in his cramped hand of 1832, saying that the fragment is to go to press. He must have become confused in his memory, and credited Lady Louisa with what she never attempted. The style of the fragment is full of interest, as may be seen from the specimen in Lockhart.

NOVELS.*

THE novel *Mademoiselle Ixe*, like the famous "polties," surprises and interests by itself before a word of it is read. It is tall, it is slender, it is bright yellow, it is the first volume of the "Pseudonym Library." It is a most delightful book to hold, being light, and the high narrow column of type recommends itself most agreeably to reading. Lanoe Falconer, the name given on the title-page as the author's, is, it is to be supposed, pseudonymous. Whoever he, or perhaps she, may be, Lanoe Falconer knows how to write a brilliant little story. She knows how to place people before the reader with admirable simplicity, point, and distinctness, to indicate their personalities with concealed but polished art, and to give them the most natural lively characteristic and interesting things to say. Where all that is, plot matters little. The plot of *Mademoiselle Ixe* is neither original nor remarkable, and when it is said that it turns on a Russian Nihilist assassination nothing is said likely to attract. But the skill with which each individual in the briefly-played drama is made to unfold character, the accurate position each occupies in the imagination of the author and in the view of the reader, the absolute consistency to themselves and to each other make the book a little *tour de force*. It has more in it even than that. The portrait, physical and moral, of *Mademoiselle Ixe* is drawn with the easy power that comes from strength well within control and never strained as far as it could go. The fascination this plain woman exercises in the conventionally amiable English family she is placed in, or rather places herself in, is quite easy to understand, and it is shared by those to whom it is described. Before the last is seen of her the amusement she excites is deepened to sympathy. There is no padding in the tale of *Mademoiselle Ixe's* self-sacrifice, therefore there is not a tedious line. There are no descriptions of persons, for they display themselves, and the two or three brief landscapes put in of sunny or misty English parks and lawns are admirable in truth and feeling. The "Pseudonym Library" opens well. It is easier to come out than to keep out, but if this level can be sustained, the public and the publisher may all be congratulated.

There have been some good musical novels, but very few good theatrical ones. Perhaps if they were true to life they would not be pleasant, and if they were pleasant they wouldn't be true.

* *Mademoiselle Ixe*. By Lanoe Falconer. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

Sundorne. By Bertha Thomas. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

Lady Hazleton's Confession. By Mrs. J. Kent Spender. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

The Honourable Miss: a Story of an Old-fashioned Town. By L. T. Meade. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

The Secret of the River. By Dora Russell. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1891.

Idolaters. By Robert Haigh. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

Miss Bertha Thomas's *Sundorne* is not an exception. It is powerful, but not agreeable. *Sundorne* (which is not a Cockney allusion to the earliest hours of the day) is a disappointed dramatic genius who has struggled against the light-hearted indifference of the public for nearly fifty years. He wanted to have his plays produced, in spite of the fact that "ten years' close observation of the London stage, from before and behind the curtain, and of literary life," had resulted in "disgust, amounting to abhorrence, for the whole august body, managers, actors, and authors, as cheap-jacks, mountebanks, and parasites." These being, unfortunately, in possession of the theatres, Mr. *Sundorne* was obliged to make use of them when he was lucky enough to find a man of wealth to pay for his pieces, and an actor of talent to play in them. He retained his low opinion of his colleagues in art, and the courage of it; for when Mr. Crowe, the manager of the Theatre Royal, made some uncomplimentary suggestions of alterations in *King Rupert*, Mr. *Sundorne* "struck the manager across the face with the roll of paper in his hand," and exclaimed, in a tempest of wrath:—"Silence! with your idiot's jabber and luckster's chaffering. Keep to your scurvy trade of lying advertisements and cooking accounts. Dare to talk to me, Arthur *Sundorne*!" and so on. Episodes of this sort seem not to interfere with theatrical business arrangements; for the play is brought out, has an immense success, and *Sundorne* has name, fame, position, and wealth at once. The young actor who had helped so much to the good fortune of *Sundorne's* plays, has a beautiful and noble wife (Marcia, by the way, is very cleverly described) with whom he has perfect domestic happiness, and who makes his exciting life wholesome by her influence and care. It occurs to Mr. *Sundorne* that Marcia would be of great service in his own neglected interior, so he takes her away from her home without an apparent thought on his part or hers of the ruin she leaves behind. It is the way of genius, and genius must have its way. The deserted husband continues to act, but takes to chloral, morphia, and brandy, with the usual results, descriptions of which are not spared us. The *Sundornes* live on a pinnacle of success, happiness, and popular worship, until he dies of heart-disease, and Marcia flits about in black "like a widowed queen." This is but a brief sketch of the story, which is filled out by social and theatrical people and scenes described for the most part as vulgar and commonplace, and is told with vehemence and intense earnestness. It is interesting, if not pleasant, and it is suggestive, if the suggestions are scarcely encouraging.

The leading *ficelle* which moves the group of actors in Mrs. J. K. Spender's novel, *Lady Hazleton's Confession*, is not actually original, but it is unusual. The punishment inflicted by Lady Hazleton on her husband for his insulting, but certainly not ungrounded, suspicions is none the less humanly credible because it punishes the avenger at least equally with the offender. Evelyn Hazleton is from the beginning a being scarcely morally responsible. Her first appearance at a fancy ball, dressed as an angel, with dazzling star, shining sword, and snowy wings, is a startling and not undramatic contrast to her real nature. Beautiful as Helen, and without a principle or conviction, she is yet no common adventuress. She has impulses to good, though she does not follow them; she can recognize virtue, though she scorns to copy it. Such a woman as this, married to a cold conceited prig, "dull and slow, as if he were a sea-anemone," and so wrapped in his own egotism that he is incapable of guiding or moulding another nature, can result in nothing but a violent and lifelong conflict, terminating in wreck. These materials for a story are good, but they are overlaid by extraneous matter, and drawn out into wearisome tediousness. "*Rien n'est long que le superflu*." There is much in the book that is excellent and much that is in the wrong place. Bernard Everingham, with his commonplace politics, speeches in the House, and economic fallacies, is altogether out of place. Such things can be avoided in the newspapers, but they are intrusive in novels. Anne Everingham is carefully described and analysed in the first chapter, and then vanishes, to appear no more. The visit of the Rector of Ensleigh to his son at the University might stand by itself as a pleasant little picture of old and young Oxford; but it has no bearing on Lady Hazleton's confession. Mrs. Spender writes with sincerity and earnestness, which sometimes fails to discern the comic, as earnestness often does. "Neither Robert nor I have any possible claim to the possession of souls," exclaims Evelyn, in the very height of passionate declamation against her husband; "he has done his best to deprive me of mine. He has even changed my servants."

Who or what the Honourable Miss may be who gives her name to Mr. L. T. Meade's novel an attentive perusal of the two neat little volumes has failed to convey. But the search has not been without some amusing result. The author's modest preface explanation—that he has described the "old-fashioned town" because "it reminds me of one where I spent a very happy portion of my life"—needs not to be taken as an apology. The good people of Northbury, the old-fashioned, are simple and commonplace; and what is better than lifelike descriptions of simple and commonplace people if one wants to while away an idle hour? *The Honourable Miss* would have been better without its mystery and with a little less of the flirtations of the three Miss Bells; Miss Matty might have "giggled" rather less frequently, and the ghost in the avenue could be dispensed with; but, leaving these aside, there is entertainment of a mild kind to be got out of the gossips and gammers of "the old-fashioned town." Mrs. Meadow-

sweet is very good, with her Maltese cap for young parties and "Honiton for those who know." But, chronologically speaking, even in an old-fashioned town, is lawn-tennis contemporaneous with such a supper as good Mrs. Meadowsweet arranges for only a Maltese cap party?—"I had better send out at once for a salmon and two or three lobsters and some crabs. There's cream enough in the house and plenty of stuff in the garden for salads. I got in a couple of chickens and a pair of ducks this morning." Northbury is a seaside place, which might account for its inhabitants supping on "rich decoctions of crab"; but experience can lend no explanation to the statement that a lady wore "a neat fiasse of white lace."

Miss Dora Russell seems to choose elemental titles for her novels. We have had *Footprints in the Snow* and *The Track of the Storm*. Now we have *The Secret of the River*. The secret held by the Yorkshire river, Wale, and disclosed in the fifth chapter of the second volume, is common, unfortunately, and not pleasant. A pretty mysterious woman—who lives alone in the River House, calls herself Mrs. Lee, and has no explanation to offer of Mr. Lee—who receives no visits except those of Captain Hugh Dundas, and who declines to know the vicar of the parish, affords a secret easy to guess. That Kathleen Wynford, the young daughter of the owner of the River House, should not have guessed it is quite natural. Kathleen had lived in the seclusion of her Yorkshire home with her eccentric father and her collie dog all her innocent short life, and when she is introduced by the reluctant Mrs. Lee to "my brother Captain Dundas," she accepts the situation with frank good faith. The captain is accomplished and handsome; Kathleen is beautiful and sympathetic. The usual result follows, and when Mrs. Lee has convinced herself beyond doubt that her hold on Captain Dundas has irrevocably passed away, the unhappy woman confides her secret and herself to the deep rolling river, which casts them up relentlessly at the feet of the lovers. After this there is a secondary tragedy in Kathleen's affairs, which obliges her to give up all her fortune; and, her attempt at the career of a governess proving a failure, the world would be a desert for her but for the faithfulness of a lumpish sort of lover, a being intellectually about on the level of Kathleen's collie, but morally as true and good. His father, with a tact few fathers display, had a fit in the very nick of time, and Ralph becomes a baronet; which, of course, raised him a good deal above the collie, and Kathleen marries him, but not until she had had ocular evidence in the stalls of the Haymarket that Captain Dundas had forgotten both her and the "secret of the river." The point in which the behaviour of this gentleman, holding Her Majesty's commission, is open to question is not in his relations to Mrs. Lee, or his inconstancy to her, and afterwards to Kathleen—it is in the circumstance of his forcing an acquaintance between a girl like Miss Wynford and a woman living under his protection, the wife of another man. It is a point of manners—something much more binding than one of morals—and one a man of the world, as Captain Dundas was, would have been more careful not to infringe.

Idlers is a depressing book, not because it is crude, fragmentary, and incoherent, though it is all that, but because the author is so witty. When Mr. Robert Woodford, the artist, took his frugal out-of-door meal of bread and potted meat, "for spreading a part of which satisfying dainty he had inaugurated a new plate-knife," the fun is not meant to lie in the spelling, but in the humorous style of description. Previously to this Mr. Woodford had "stepped out of the train with all the freshness of a Reuter's telegram." A gentleman who had got up early puts the case to a young lady who had sat up late thus: "Ah! that's another point of view—the expectant lunar aspect of the case; you watched and waited for Sol's rosy fingers to wave you away into the shadows of his cloud curtains, while I was ignominiously hauled out from them by my hair for my sluggish indifference." And then when the writer feels with sympathy for his readers that the exigencies of his plot force him to abandon this merry tone and to drop into tragedy, he says: "That ideal has now to be abandoned; those bland creases in the smirking mask of comedy must be hardened for a while into lines of care. Would that every author's wit could supply an appropriate end-all on the hither or laughing side of things!" We almost think we like what he calls elsewhere his "platitudinous reflections" better.

AFRICANA AND STANLEYANA.*

It is almost impossible to imagine a more melancholy book than Major Barttelot's diaries and letters make. Their melancholy does not consist in the mere fighting over the body of a dead man (though that is always sad enough), which has taken place, and in which we have had, and we fear shall have, occasion to take part, though it is, no doubt, enhanced by this. It does not in the least depend upon the acerbity with which the editor—pro-

voked, not more justly by family feeling than by Mr. Stanley's own extraordinary unfairness, discourtesy, and *outré* conduct—attacks and pursues the explorer. It is, luckily, not much increased by a sense of fault on the victim's part. Major Barttelot, indeed, even putting aside the mysterious hints of Mr. Stanley and the less indefinite assertions of Messrs. Troup and Bonny, was not faultless. A man with greater self-command would have either avoided the friction which began from the very first with Mr. Stanley, or, when it was well established, would have said, "Sir, I see we shall never work together satisfactorily, and, as I can't expect you to go back, I will." His quick temper, his rapid, dashing, rather heedless ways, the very absence of duplicity and caution in his character, made him ill adapted for dealing even with the "natives," much more with the so-called "Arabs," at once the wildest, the touchiest, and the most unscrupulous of human beings. He was, perhaps, a little deficient in head for independent command; but it is excessively hard to put the finger on any point and say "Here he made a decided blunder." And when one surveys the task which was set him, revealed as it is in these transparently honest and artless diaries and letters, the only fitting comment is in the words of a French poet—

Pour soulever un poids si lourd,
Sisyphe, il faudrait ton courage.

Indeed, the title of this poem ("Le Guignon") throughout describes Barttelot's story. The luck was dead against him from the first. We gather from a letter of Sir Redvers Buller's (which, by the way, contains a grim but pleasing expression of a wish to have "five minutes alone with Assad Farran," the Syrian interpreter who slandered Barttelot) that even those who recommended him to the post were rather doubtful of his getting on with Mr. Stanley. Before the expedition left Zanzibar, if not before it got there, the rift showed itself between a self-reliant, not to say self-absorbed, American-Welshman, with an intense belief in his star, a dash of mysticism, an intellect and will superior to his breeding, and a sublime indifference to the number of followers who might be *gastados* in carrying out his plans, and a typical English stripling (as Mr. Morley would say) of the upper class, as generous, amiable, and loyal as a man might be, but hot-tempered, accustomed to associate with his equals and command his inferiors, with very little of the wisdom of the serpent and yet by no means a dove. The weary old commonplace of faults on both sides alone suits the wearier facts. That Mr. Stanley deliberately made a Uria of the Major, as his brother seems half to believe, or only expected him to be of use in an ivory-carrying expedition, we need not hold. But there is no doubt that he so arranged matters that almost all the chances of success were with himself, and all those of failure were with his subordinate. The facts—we believe undisputed, certainly indisputable—which Major Walter Barttelot marshals as to numbers and physique of men, weight of loads, and the like, with the plain text of the instructions, and the unquestionable failure of Tippoo Tib to fulfil his contract, show in a manner quite unmistakable that disaster of some sort was certain. We do not ourselves see how success was possible, unless Barttelot had disregarded his orders altogether, sacrificed the greater part of his stores, set his sickly men at large, and with the remnant—a very dangerously small one—gone up the river at his own risk and peril. Even then, considering Mr. Stanley's own experiences, failure was very possible.

As it is, the book is, we repeat, most painful reading. It is seldom (if a subtlety may be allowed) disagreeably painful, except when the evidence of the soreness which Mr. Stanley had excited in the Major comes in; but it is always painful. The redeeming point is the curious simplicity and affectionateness of the man. Instead of quarrelling with his second in command and almost equal, Mr. Jameson, he forms the closest friendship with him. One of his last letters begs his sister twice over to be kind to the invalided Mr. Rose Troup, whose relations with the Major himself had not been invariably friendly. Harsh as his discipline was, and was necessarily, he seems to have taken not the slightest pleasure, but the reverse, in severity. His letters to his parents, his sisters, his little nephews and nieces are delightful. He has nothing but good words for the Belgian officers, who, if we may trust Mr. Werner (and Major Walter Barttelot, as we did at the time, does), might have warned him of his doom and did not, and who certainly spoil his last chance of successful advance by inducing Tippoo Tib to give them half the men intended for the expedition. He wrote just before his death to ask that a silver cup should be sent to the very man (Van Kerkhoven) who told Mr. Werner of the order to shoot him. Throughout he goes, except for pluckiness, as a sheep to the slaughter. And we can quite understand the indignation with which his family regard Mr. Stanley's at the best most ungenerous treatment of one who was his scapegoat, and his whipping boy, and who may not too unjustly be called his victim.

Mr. Mounteney Jephson's expected account of his adventures on the long mission to the northern part of the Equatorial province, which immediately resulted in the captivity of both himself and Emin, and their exposure to imminent peril, hardly touches this matter at all. There is one, and only one, reference, generous enough, to Major Barttelot and this burning question. The other question—that of the relations between Mr. Stanley and Emin—smoulders rather than burns, and will do so until Emin thinks fit to explain his (even to those who are by no means great admirers of Mr. Stanley) not wholly intelligible conduct. It is therefore comparatively, though only comparatively, an uncontentious book.

* *Major Barttelot's Diaries and Letters.* Edited by Walter G. Barttelot. London: Bentley. 1890.

Emin Pasha and the Rebellion at the Equator. By A. J. Mounteney Jephson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Five Years with the Congo Cannibals. By Herlert Ward. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

Sketch of Uganda. By his Sister. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

It is also a very pleasant one to read. Mr. Jephson writes with remarkable straightforwardness, simplicity, and ease; his descriptions of the country and people he saw are vivid and not overdone; and he gives, on the whole, the best account of the Equatorial province which has been given since Sir Samuel Baker's. It is a very curious picture, nor do we remember anything exactly like it:—that of the single European (for Emin was practically alone), the garrison of a few hundred motley and half-civilized troops, Egyptians, "Soudanese" (a remarkably loose term), and what not, and the perfectly savage and only half-subdued tribes of natives surrounding the garrison settlements. Besides this, Mr. Jephson has plenty of exciting incident to throw in, though the outlines, if not the details, are, it is true, known already; the gradual progress northwards from the regular settlements of Wadelai and Dufilé, the increasing disaffection, the outbreak, the imprisonment, the arrival of the "Peacock" dervishes with the Mahdi's letter and their slow martyrdom, the subsequent invasion of the "Donagla" (the Mahdi's troops), their early success and rather unintelligible retreat, the release of the Pasha and his companion, and their journey to meet Mr. Stanley once more at the Albert Nyanza. Mr. Jephson seems to have behaved with remarkable judgment all through, though he in no way magnifies his own deeds; and his admiration for his leader, if a little excessive, is not unpleasing.

The book also throws some light on that irresolution of Emin which is so incomprehensible to Mr. Stanley and Mr. Jephson, and on the conduct of the "rebels." Mr. Jephson is, as is not unbecoming to a young and enthusiastic man, very severe on the "cowardly," "treacherous" Egyptians, and not much less so on the Soudanese, in whom, however, he admits some chivalry at times, though at others he accuses them too of cowardice. We think, however, that this last word should be used with more caution of men who not only previously, but actually at this time, repulsed the Mahdi's troops. Mere cowards do not, as Mr. Jephson allows that these mutineers did, sally out resolutely not more than a few hundreds strong to attack, and if possible recover, distant stations which they had lost to an enemy superior in number, with backing of unknown strength, and furnished with steamers, guns, and so forth. Mutineers they were, no doubt, and, like most mutineers, cruel, rapacious, and tyrannical. But by putting oneself a little in their place, one may quite understand a certain doubt, first, whether this ragged Englishman (Mr. Jephson describes his rapsallionly appearance with humour), attended by a mere handful of Zanzibaris, really represented the Khedive; secondly, whether the Khedive, who had left them alone for years and paid them no wages for years before, was entitled to implicit obedience; and, thirdly, whether, the river-way being barred, it was worth while to leave their comfortable homes in the province, and face the redoubtable Wanyoro, the more redoubtable Waganda, or the forest wildernesses. Something like the same hesitation may very naturally be attributed to Emin himself, with that additional disinclination to "desert his people" and his post which Mr. Stanley cannot understand. One thing is quite certain. The Relief Expedition found the province, if with an ugly spot of mutiny in it, a well-organized and thriving outpost of civilization, and left it a howling wilderness. And we are not at all certain that it was not the coming of the expedition that was mainly responsible for this.

Mr. Herbert Ward's volume contains hardly any contentious matter, except for its preface, which itself contains little but documents already known, and the certainly not violent expression of opinion that "Mr. Stanley takes much too harsh a view of a portion of his expedition that endured great hardships while doing their best." The greater part of it is not occupied with the expedition (on which, however, Mr. Ward did some remarkable service as messenger and transport manager), but with his earlier experiences on the Congo. We have seen no better account of the natives along the river from the mouth to Stanley Falls; and the book is embellished with a very large number of singularly spirited and (according to good testimony) singularly faithful drawings from Mr. Ward's own pencil. There is only one thing about it that we do not like, and cannot very well understand, and that is, that a book which bears the imprint of Messrs. Spottiswoode exhibits the hideous and idiotic American spelling in such words as "defense," "marvelous," "center." Putting this aside, it is a very pleasant book to read, and shows remarkable familiarity with and aptitude for travel and adventure. Not the least interesting thing in it is the narrative of Deane, the heroic defender of Stanley Falls, about whom Mr. Stanley has spoken with his unvarying generosity about the dead in his last book. The narrative of that exploit (which made Mr. Stanley very angry, because it made Tippoo Tib angry) has been told before by Mr. Werner and others, but not, we think, directly from the chief performer's mouth.

The authorship of the Life of the late Mr. A. M. Mackay, if nothing else, would make it unnecessary to comment on some little peculiarities of what the enemy might call a sectarian nature about "the venomous blood of the Bourbons and the cursed leaven of Rome," as well as some later displays of something like a Codlin and Short feeling as to the French missionaries. But there is much other reason why, though it would hardly be faithful not to refer or allude to such matters, they need only reference or allusion, and not detailed stricture. Mr. Mackay's too early closed life was a very remarkable instance of the best kind of missionary effort. If he escaped the fate of Bishop Hannington, it

was no doubt partly by a miracle—all things, rightly understood, happen by a miracle, though some are more miraculous than others—but partly also because he helped the miracle to happen by his own courage, his own tact, his own steadfastness and wisdom. With no great experience (for he was a young man when he died, and a very young one when he began his mission), he displayed a combination of religious enthusiasm and temporal hardheadedness which is, perhaps, only found in perfection in Scotchmen. And so it happened (to mention only one, and that a secular result) that with Uganda in a flame, with marauding Arabs all about the country, with the greatest jealousy of the Emin Relief Expedition, and with further alarms about the respective designs of England and Germany, he managed for years to be a purveyor of the only news that came to Europe from the equatorial regions, and kept his own trust for those years safe and unharmed. In some circumstances he might have been a very great man; in the circumstances which were his he was very little short of great and not short at all of good.

ROUND THE CALENDAR IN PORTUGAL.*

NO Englishman knows Portugal better than Mr. Crawford, nor is this the first book he has written on the country. If there is a fault to be found with it, it is that he sometimes repeats himself, which is of the less consequence, however, that many of his readers may unfortunately not be acquainted with his earlier work. *Round the Calendar* is chiefly concerned with the romantic northern province of the Douro; and Mr. Crawford, after long experience of it, paints almost everything in rose colour. He had lavished generous praise on the people and their sterling qualities when recent political events might have induced him to modify his opinions. Though an old and respected resident, though an acclimatized vinegrower and farmer, as a representative Englishman he was mobbed in the streets of Oporto by angry students, who foully abused him. He is content to dismiss the matter with the remark that it was merely a Southern fashion of hinting that England had shown herself grasping in Southern Africa. But if these Southerners have a disagreeably fervid manner of delivering their minds, their climate, according to Mr. Crawford, seems nearly all that could be desired. The east winds, which set in steadily with the spring, spend their force against the great mountain barriers which divide North-Eastern Portugal from Spain; and they are disinfected and medicated by the balmy fragrance of the resin in the vast forests of pine-trees which clothe the slopes of the hills. It is hot and dry in the summer, no doubt. But then the night-air is not only refreshing, but delightfully invigorating, and even innocently intoxicating. In short, if they could content themselves with Portuguese quarters, English invalids might do worse than go to Oporto, which is within four days' steaming of our southern shores.

Mr. Crawford has arranged his book in the form of a calendar, following the courses of the seasons, and sticking mainly to the country and rural affairs. Now and again subjects are introduced somewhat arbitrarily which belong specially to no particular month, such as politics and bimetalism and the decoration of native pottery ware; but that could hardly be helped. He begins with blooming March, when in the sunny air of the spring "there is an incredible wealth and force and luxuriance of life." He tells us of shady streams alive with trout, though the trout are seldom tempted with fly or worm. The peasant lads have ways of fishing of their own; they strip to the skin in that genial air, and plunging into the pools, go groping in holes and under great stones. Then the birds commence their migratory flights; and the Douro is one of the great halting-places of those which either cross the Bay of Biscay or hug the curving coast lines of France. In Portugal almost all the British birds are to be found, with two notable exceptions—the song thrush and the skylark. On the other hand, it can boast of the great bustard and the hoopoe. Nor has the balance of nature been disturbed in Portugal by game-preserving and the arbitrary proscription of birds of prey, and the noblest of these find inaccessible breeding-places among the precipices and ravines on the eastern frontier. By April the early crops are well forward, and it is a jovial month in the farmer's household. It is then he taps the casks of wine laid down after the last autumn's vintage. Mr. Crawford has much to say in commendation of the strong wines of those hot and sheltered northern districts. They are full of body, and, as the farmers say, they have a soul too, though to a stranger they taste rough and harsh. Mr. Crawford believes they are of great service in reviving the spirits and recruiting the strength of the labouring-men after the depressing cold of the winter. But the Portuguese peasant lives well, and his lot is certainly more luxurious than that of similar classes with us. For the most part he is a peasant-proprietor or freeholder; and, though the holding may sometimes be extremely small, he almost invariably keeps his yoke of oxen. The staple crops are rye and maize, and the nourishing bread is made of a mixture of the two. The one does well in drought, the other with damp; so there is small risk of scarcity and far less of starvation. Moreover, the Portuguese has his changes of diet and little luxuries in the way of condiments of which the English peasant has no conception.

* *Round the Calendar in Portugal.* By Oswald Crawford, C.M.G., H.M. Consul at Oporto. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

He is guaranteed fair prices by a high protective tariff; and, though Mr. Crawford declares himself a sound Free-trader, he confesses that Protection works well in Portugal, supporting a numerous population in general prosperity and content. As for the farming, it is primitive in the extreme. The rude implements have scarcely changed since the time of the Romans, and each farmer can do his own repairs. But he directs special attention to one point on which, as he thinks, the Portuguese improve upon our system. They never use the straw for fodder. The bedding of the animals is furze or brushwood, and the straw chopped up for food is mixed with the green meat.

There is an interesting chapter on the bull-ring. The Portuguese bulls are small, but strong and active, and they have fairer chances in the fighting than in Spain. In Spain every bull is doomed inevitably to death, but that is not the case in Portugal; and in one way it makes the sport more dangerous. For the bull that has been in the ring before becomes cunning, and instead of charging blindly on the *chulo's* cloak, he is apt to take things quietly, to watch his chance, and bury his horns in the man who flouts the colours before him. It gives an idea of the activity of the sinewy Portuguese bulls when we are told that many of them will easily clear a barrier five feet five inches in height. There is a satisfactory reason for introducing superstitions or "beliefs," as Mr. Crawford prefers to call them, under the heading of June. For on the 23rd of the month, which is the Eve of St. John, all the powers of Darkness are set free to hold high carnival. These beliefs are engrained in the minds of the peasants. Handed down from heathen days, they have been nursed in the vast solitudes of the dark pine forests. These forests have always been frequented by wehr-wolves, and it is noteworthy that *lobis-homen*, which is the name for them, is scarcely changed from the Latin *Lupus-homo*. They are extremely common, because in each family of seven children one is predestined to become a *corredor*, or night-ranger. The *corredor* need not necessarily assume the form or habits of a wolf; but he is very apt to do so, after having gone through some preliminary training as hare, fox, or wild cat. Once a wehr-wolf he can never be reclaimed; but so long as he merely transforms himself into a less harmful animal, he is not beyond hope of redemption, and there are recognized methods of treatment by which the spells may be broken. Many lonely wells are still haunted by Moorish maidens, the victims of forgotten tragedies; there are caverns infested by maidens who have been changed into serpents, and, as they may be generally disenchanted by marriage with a Christian, they are always on the look-out for an eligible *parti*. So are not a few of the most beautiful of the fairies, who never seem to consider either low birth or poverty an objection; and indeed, so far as money goes, they are invariably heiresses in their own right, with any amount of treasure at command. The worst of these matches between mortals and the underground folk is that, by either formal or tacit understanding, no holy word must be uttered by the husband. If he forgets himself so far as to call upon Heaven or the Virgin—and in the ordinary course of conversation or ejaculation the peasant is invoking both a dozen times in the hour—his wife vanishes forthwith; which seems to us the easiest and most economical of all known forms of divorce. In Portugal, as elsewhere, some of the most popular superstitions are doubtless founded on the wild cries of the birds that migrate in the darkness and the flapping of their countless wings, which leads us to remark that in the month of September Mr. Crawford resumes his valuable notes on ornithology. Along the low Douro coast, with its pine woods, its sand-dunes, and the swampy deltas of its tiny streams, there is a perpetual stream of birds passing southward. Most of them appear to prefer travelling by day, but the waders, the ducks, and the snafowl make their journeys by night. Then the cries may be heard in calm or storm by which they dress their ranks and direct their course, and the shrieking, mingling with the sighing of the night winds through the pine-boughs, may well be translated by superstition into the wailing of restless spirits. Mr. Crawford remarks on the extraordinary rapidity of the flight of the little turtle-dove. He says he knows of nothing so swift except the swoop of the falcon on its quarry. Really we are compelled to believe he exaggerates, making all allowance for *façon de parler*—

One sees, staring hard upon the aerial horizon to the north, a moving pin-point in size, and before one can breathe once the point has expanded into a flock of a hundred doves; there is heard a rushing sound of their wings overhead, and the minute afterwards they have dwindled again to a single dot in the southern sky.

Finally, passing over poetry and folklore, politics and the arts, and some interesting and suggestive remarks on vine diseases and the *Phylloxera*, we are taken for a few pages into the recesses of the mountainous borderland which has done so much to secure the independence of Portugal. The Romans, of course, carried one of their strategical roads over these mountains, and have left military columns by way of memorials. Now modern enterprise has pierced them with a railway, which is tunnelled through the spurs of the precipices and carried upon lofty viaducts over sunless abysses. By the way, a Russian engineer employed in its construction told Mr. Crawford that the mountain air breeds the most malignant fevers of which he had had any experience, even in the most unhealthy countries; notwithstanding which the sturdy inhabitants, said to be descended from Gothic refugees, manage to live and thrive somehow. In their villages,

one of which is 6,000 feet above the sea-level, clothed in sheepskins, shod in heavy wooden sandals, and almost entirely self-sufficing, they defy alike the cold, the malaria, and the tax-gatherer. We may add that the book is very prettily illustrated.

ENGLISH FOLK-TALES.*

THE folklorist on one side and the infant of tender years on the other may find certain faults with a very agreeable volume, Mr. Jacobs's *English Fairy Tales*. The folklorist will say that Mr. Jacobs has no business to do the Scotch tales into English, and he will say this with particular vigour if he is a Scot himself. It is the Scot, and not the pock-pudding, who has preserved the best stories of the Nursery cycle. He prefers "My minnie me slew," in Chambers's version, to "My mother killed me," in Henderson's *Folklore of the Northern Counties*. The story occurs, in fragments, among the Bechuanas; Goethe puts a snatch of the song in Gretchen's mouth; the Magyars have it; and the Northern English counties know it. Probably they got it (our objector will say) from the Scotch. Then there is "Nicht, Nought, Nothing," the Morayshire version of that widely-diffused tale of the lad who married the Giant's daughter, and by her aid achieved great adventures. Why in the world should Mr. Jacobs call it "Nix, Nought, Nothing." Nix has nothing to do with the case. He adds, in his own manner, the adventures which are conspicuously missing in the Morayshire version. He makes the henwife "teach an unspelling catch," which will be even as the Mandingo language to children who read the tale, and which savours of pedantry. Mr. Jacobs does "Binnorie" into prose, out of the ballad. People do not "see sweet pale faces" in proper fairy tales nor in ballads. Sweet pale faces are of the modern novel. Again, "Childe Rowland" (*sic*) is Scotch, rescued from oblivion by Jamieson. Mr. Jacobs "has Anglicized the Scotticisms." Scotticisms is good. Dorians may speak Doric, we presume, as the women say in the *Adonizues*. Mr. Jacobs is enough to make one a Scotch Home Ruler. Probably the English had the story, as Shakspeare alludes to it, but they had not the wit to keep it. With equal daring Mr. Jacobs renders the Aberdonian Mally Whuppie (an indigenous form of "Le Petit Poucet") as "Molly Whuppie," and has "modified the dialect." Moreover, Mr. Jacobs has turned the "Red Etin" of Chambers into the "Red Ettin," and has taken liberties with his adventures. Beaumont and Fletcher may spell Ettin with two t's; they were English, and knew no better, and their descendants south of the Tweed would not so much as be aware of the existence of an Ettin but for the Scotch. So it is fairly calm conduct in Mr. Jacobs to improve on the Ettin, and to bring in a substance called "a johnny cake," which may be American for a bannock. A johnny cake, in a legend like this, is simply an outrage. Fortunately for a story called "The Wee Bannock," the Scotticisms are so frequent as to render it practically untranslatable." This is strange, if, as Mr. Jacobs says, "Lowland Scotch may be regarded as simply a dialect of English." He adds that "it is a mere chance whether a tale is extant in one or other, or both." There is no chance in the matter. The Scotch have preserved, and the English have apparently lost, all the romantic *märchen*, except "Cap o' Rushes," for which the Scotch have "Rashin Coatie." The same rule holds, even more conspicuously, as to ballads. It is no mere accident which kept "Clerk Saunders," "The Wife of Usher's Well," "The Bonny Hind," and the rest in Scotch, and which retained in that "dialect" the romantic *Märchen* whereof only a name or a fragment survives south of Tweed and Till. The people in one country was romantic; in the other was nothing less than romantic. This is one of the most patent lessons of folklore. "Dick Whittington" is an English tale; the "Red Etin," or "Kate Crackernuts," is Scotch; the difference is not accidental, but essential. One cannot imagine in a rural English mouth such an idea as "The Well o' the World's End." Thus the Northern folklorist will vindicate his people's claim to owning the best English fairy tales. When the justly-infuriated Caledonian has passed these comments, or such as these, he will admit that Mr. Jacobs means to publish later a critical set of tales, with no improvements nor alterations. He has found traces of one hundred and forty—some, probably, surviving in the form of ballad, not of story. What we shall be anxious to know is this—has he found an indigenous form of "Pass in Boots," not derived from Perrault, as "Rashin Coatie" is not derived from "Cinderella," nor "Cap o' Rushes" from "Peau d'âne"? Have we a native "Sleeping Beauty," as in Aberdeenshire we have a native "Hop o' my Thumb"? It is certainly curious that a tale like "Pass in Boots," known from Russia to France, from Italy to Zanzibar and the Soudan, seems to be absent in these isles. Mr. Jacobs does not give the Scotch "Black Bull o' Norway." He will find part, at least, of an old English version in Sidney's *Arcadia*. The Elizabethans not seldom refer to the nursery legends, as "Childe Roland" and "Mr. Fox," which Shakspeare must have known. If they got into print in that early age, the copies must have perished almost beyond hope of recovery.

So much for the censures of the folklorist. He will allow that

* *English Folk-tales*. Collected by Joseph Jacobs. London: David Nutt. 1890.

Mr. Jacobs has made a very pleasant nursery collection. Of his tales a great many were probably never before printed in a book, and certainly never before were they collected into one volume for children. Among these new gifts to the nursery library are "Tom Tit Tot," a delightful rural version of the "Rumpelstiltskin" formula, probably the most humorous version known. The amusing "Three Sillies," from a French source, is given in another new fairy-book; otherwise it is practically unpublished, and so, except for special students, is "Nicht, Nought, Nothing," "Cap o' Rushes," "Jack and his Golden Snuff-box" (a Gipsy story), "Childe Roland," "Kate Crackernuts," and the Semitic and entertaining "Mr. Miacca." The very names ought to allure children, whose only complaint, and a childish one, will be that the preface and notes are not meant for them. They are fairly warned off those dull pages, or rather those pages which may seem dull to them. Perhaps, indeed, the science is really superfluous here, as it cannot be exhaustive, and may frighten away the intending purchaser. Nothing is more unpopular than the study of popular traditions. If Mr. Jacobs had left all his erudition out he would have pleased parents and uncles, and, instead of throwing pearls before these persons, he might have presented them to their few amateurs on a later occasion. But parents and uncles need not be frightened. This is a pleasant and prettily illustrated book for the nursery, though it is also not out of place in the study. It does not really fall between two stools, and we confidently recommend it to everybody who wants to please a child of ordinary intelligence. But to the child who does not like it we may say, as Dr. Johnson said to the little girl who had not read *The Pilgrim's Progress*, "then I have no opinion of you."

COMMERCIAL TRAINING AND COMMERCIAL PRE-EMINENCE.*

THIS is one of several educational works written by Dr. Yeats. He has long recognized that we in this country have hitherto trusted too much to our commercial pre-eminence, to the vastness of our capital, and to the inherited skill of our workpeople; and that if we are to hold our own, we must in future more carefully train our population for the various avocations to which they are to apply themselves. He has, however, not contented himself with preaching this doctrine; he has set to work to produce books that would be useful to the intending man of business. They are all of considerable merit. They impress upon the youthful reader that, under the conditions of modern competition, it is not enough for the merchant to have acquired the practical training of the counting-house. He must also have an observant and inquiring mind; he must know not only the productions and resources of his own country and of those with which he does business; he must also have a fair knowledge of what all competitors can do. For this, he requires to be acquainted with modern languages and commercial geography, and he ought to have some tincture of natural science. More important, however, than mere acquirements are the habits of observation and inquiry. Without these, new industries cannot be created, nor new markets opened up. Much of what we are now accustomed to look upon as necessities of life were unknown to our ancestors a few centuries ago. Every day some new substance that previously had been considered a mere waste product is applied to useful purposes, and gives employment often to vast multitudes. In fact, economic development in the past has consisted partly in making the nations of the world acquainted with one another's production, and in enabling them to exchange their surpluses, and partly in finding use for old and unappreciated gifts of nature. In the work before us Dr. Yeats, however, dwells less upon these points; his main object is to trace the causes that determine the course of trade and give pre-eminence to some countries over others. In this part of his work he appears to us to attach over-much importance to natural advantages. Of course, it is inconceivable that without some natural advantages a country could ever rise to prosperity, much less could distance other countries in trade competition. But natural advantages, for all that, do not determine success, though they are among the causes which contribute to it. Even intelligence and skill, we venture to assert, when combined with considerable natural advantages, do not give pre-eminence. Circumstances must combine to favour one country at the expense of others, and when circumstances do so combine, a country with only very moderate natural advantages may rise far superior to other countries richer in natural resources.

If Tyre and Carthage had owed their great maritime supremacy mainly to natural advantages, it is incredible that the Phœnician and Tunisian coasts could have remained for so many centuries in the condition in which we know them. Even if those cities had fallen under the attack of irresistible force, they would have been rebuilt, and their streets would once more resound with the hum of busy multitudes. If this be disputed, can any one assert that Holland has natural advantages compared with France, or Spain, or Italy, or Germany? and yet Holland was once the leading European maritime power. Even in our own case, though it is the fashion to say that England owes her position among nations

to her coal and iron, we venture to doubt whether her natural advantages nearly equal those of some of her competitors. Take, for example, the cotton manufacture. Its seat, no doubt, has certain advantages. It is close to rich iron- and coal-fields, and it is close also to the Port of Liverpool. But the Port of Liverpool is inferior in many respects for carrying on trade with America to some of the South Welsh ports and to some of the Irish ports. And against the nearness of the iron and coal-fields is to be set the great distances from which our cotton has to be brought. The iron- and coal-fields of Pennsylvania and of some of the Southern States are at least as rich as those of Northern England, and the American coal-fields are quite close to the source of supply, while the English coal-fields are thousands of miles away. Even race does not determine commercial and manufacturing pre-eminence; for the Americans are of our own stock, and the American capitalist can command the best skill and the best intelligence that England produces. It may be objected that America is a new country, and has hardly had time yet to compete seriously with us. It is to be recollected, however, that the cotton industry also is very new. Practically it is the growth of the present century. And, secondly, it is to be borne in mind that already America has been able to build up a great iron and steel industry. At the present moment, indeed, she is a greater producer of iron than even the United Kingdom itself. If other evidence of what we contend for were required, look at the very respectable manufactures which Switzerland has been able to establish, though she lies in the very heart of the European Continent, far removed from the sea, and though she has no great mineral resources. Look also at the extraordinary progress, maritime, commercial, and industrial, which Germany has made within the past half-century.

We conclude, then, that, though natural advantages help a nation to become commercially and industrially pre-eminent, and though intelligence, skill, industry, and thrift help it still more, there is something over and above all this requisite to ensure it a victory over all its competitors. In other words, it must be favoured by circumstances in the struggle. In our own case, we were favoured in an extraordinary degree. Since the Norman Conquest we have been secure from foreign invasion. And, to a great extent also, internal order has been maintained. At all events, since the accession of the House of Tudor, great nobles have not been allowed to keep numerous retainers in idleness, and therefore the law has been supreme in the castle as well as in the cottage. As a consequence, every man has had to look to his own exertions for his own maintenance, while business afforded the only outlet for energy and ambition. Upon the Continent the formation of great unitarian States is a work of yesterday. Internal and external wars hardly ever ceased, and orderly and industrious habits had scarcely a chance to grow up. It was inevitable, therefore, that Englishmen should throw themselves into business, as it alone offered opportunity for promotion and distinction. And of course, as generation after generation succeeded one another in quiet and law-abiding modes of life, habits of order came to be engrained in the population. The English people were thus able to avail themselves of every opportunity for increasing their wealth, and as their numbers were not kept down by internal dissensions, the population tended to become too numerous every now and then; it overflowed and founded great colonies abroad which opened up new markets for the products of the mother-country, and which at the same time were training schools for its mariners. No doubt England every now and then engaged in European wars, and thereby wasted some of her capital; but, upon the whole, the waste was small in comparison with the accumulation that was steadily going on from the growth of her trade at home and with her colonies. As, owing to her security, her wealth grew more rapidly than that of any Continental nation, she was able to lead the way in every application of new inventions to the useful arts. Her machinery thereby multiplied, her people acquired greater and greater skill, and her manufactures tended every day to become better than those of her competitors. The matter is not of merely theoretical or of historical interest, it is of practical importance also. To a large extent our trading pre-eminence is due to accident, and we may lose it if we pride ourselves too much upon our superiority over others, or upon the natural resources of our own country. We need to be always on the alert to keep what we have got.

THREE YEARS IN WESTERN CHINA.*

THE very comfortable doctrine that we are gradually advancing towards perfection gains some support in the department of books of travel. A comparison of the work with which a century or two ago travellers who had ventured into Morocco or who had penetrated into Asia amused their readers with the careful records which are demanded from explorers nowadays reveals a difference as wide as that which separates the *Historia Britannica* (1640) from Green's *History of the English People*. Minute geographical details, careful calculations as to distances, accurate reports on the commercial and physical aspects of the country, and scientific memoranda on philological questions

* *Three Years in Western China: a Narrative of Three Journeys in Szechuan, Kuri-chow, and Yunnan.* By Alexander Hosie. London: Philip & Son. 1890.

* *The Golden Gates of Trade.* By John Yeats, LL.D., &c. London and Liverpool: Philip & Son. 1890.

connected with it, must all be elaborately dealt with by any traveller who may hope to have his MS. accepted in Paternoster Row. In former days such authors aimed only at drawing a series of pictures of the countries they visited, which were as often as not based on erroneous ideas and misconceived information. Compared with such works a modern book of travel is like an architect's drawing, with ground plan, elevations, and landscapes, all helping to give both a general and a minute idea of the ground represented.

Mr. Hosie has evidently realized what was required of him, and, though there are traces in his book which show that at times he worked himself up to the necessary standard, as the Scotchman jokes, "with deefecultie," yet, on the whole, he has produced a good book of modern travel. One great advantage that our ancestors had over their more exact descendants was that they were not in any way restricted by time. They travelled leisurely onwards. They had no official posts to return to after a certain number of days; nor did Foreign Office officials fret themselves if they disappeared from civilization longer than was expected. Mr. Hosie, on the other hand, was obliged to perform his journeys *pede currente*. As he tells us, he "got up at daybreak, hurried on to the end of the stage, wrote up an account of the day's journey, endeavoured to get something to eat, and tried to enjoy a few hours' sleep ere the labours of another day began." Such a life of hurry is not conducive to careful study, and we can only congratulate him on having been able to do so much under very trying circumstances. In certain districts in Yunnan the speed at which he journeyed prevented him from taking the usual precautions for the preservation of the health of himself and his followers. The result was, that he suffered severely from fever, one or more of his companions died by the way, and one and all were weakened and partially invalidated.

Mr. Hosie's point of departure on the three journeys recorded in the present volume was Ch'ungking, in Ssu-ch'uan, to which place he had been sent as Consular-Agent under the terms of the Chefoo Convention. By the same instrument it was provided that steamers should be allowed to pass upwards over the rapids which separate Ichang from Ch'ungking, on the Yangtze-kiang. It was in expectation of the British trade which would be developed in Ssu-ch'uan by the passage of steamers into that province that Mr. Hosie was sent to Ch'ungking. This wise provision, which was insisted on by Sir Thomas Wade, does not however seem to have found favour with his successor at Peking, who has lately signed an agreement by which he covenants that no British steamer shall attempt to reach Ch'ungking until Chinese steamers have made the voyage backwards and forwards carrying cargo. The present Minister's time of service at Peking is nearly over, and probably he will forget in fresh fields of usefulness the mistake of which he has been guilty. But Ministers should remember that, though diplomatists come and go, mercantile communities go on for ever, and that this unfortunate acquiescence in the Chinese demands will be a constant source of annoyance and loss to merchants in China until some Minister be found who will be sufficiently energetic to undo the mischief.

Mr. Hosie is evidently of opinion that, when the permission to steam up the Ch'ungking shall be given, the voyage will be readily accomplished. But he modifies this opinion in one important particular. He says (p. 9):—"During low water"—that is, from the middle of November to the middle of March or a little later—"there is, in my opinion, one, and only one, insuperable obstacle to a steamer—the Ch'ing Tan Rapid, the last serious rapid above Ichang." If he were correct in this, the value of the privilege of a right of way to foreign steamers on the upper waters of the Yangtze-kiang would not be nearly so great as is commonly supposed. A route which is only available for about half the year, and which is even then surrounded with difficulties and dangers, would be at best but a makeshift. But Mr. Hosie's views on the navigability of rivers are a little perplexing. He tells us of a river in Ssu-ch'uan which, "owing to rapids, is unnavigable until it approaches the province of Ssu-ch'uan; but even," he adds, "in this short distance of over a hundred miles it is an important trade highway." How a portion of a river can be at the same time unnavigable and an important trade highway we must leave our readers to imagine.

Perhaps his positive assertions as to the impossibility of constructing a railway through Yunnan to the Yangtze must also not be taken too seriously. At all events, according to his showing, the Yangtze route compares very unfavourably, so far as Yunnan is concerned, with the Red River communication from Tonquin. That river is not only free from the very dangerous rapids which make the voyage between Ichang and Ch'ungking a matter of doubt and difficulty, but is open all the year round. In these circumstances it behoves us to push on our surveys of a practicable route between Burma and Yunnan. At present we are told of two roads along which railways might be made without meeting with any unusual difficulties. One follows a course to the south of the old caravan road from Bhamo to Yunnanfu, and the other is the one advocated by Mr. Hallett, which runs from Moulmein in Burma to Zimmé in Siam, and onwards through the Shan States to the frontier of Yunnan. But the British Government seems to think that there is a special Providence watching over English trade, which makes any effort on its behalf unnecessary. It is evidently oblivious to the fact that, though the total foreign trade of China is rapidly increasing, and that though the Continental trade with China is advancing *pari passu*, our trade

is falling off. When the Tonquin route has intensified this evil, and when the public suddenly become aware, as they will some day, of the very ominous decline in our Eastern commerce, there will probably be a scare and a reckless expenditure of public funds, half of which might very possibly be saved if the surveys and line were undertaken at once.

Mr. Hosie's description of the wealth of Ssu-ch'uan and Yunnan is in agreement with that of other travellers who have preceded him. Baron Richthofen and Mr. Baber travelled over much the same country as he visited, and both writers speak with enthusiasm of the capabilities for trade possessed by the two provinces. Of the two, Ssu-ch'uan possesses at the present time the more attractive aspect. The greater part of the province is richly cultivated, is extremely fertile, and is thickly populated. It produces abundant commodities for exportation, and lacks exactly the article with which English merchants are burning to supply it. Nature has been prodigal in all her gifts except that of the power of growing cotton, and the small quantity which is now commonly imported into the province finds its way slowly and laboriously in native boats over the rapids in the Yangtze. So serious an impediment to trade are these obstacles, that while the inhabitants of Ssu-ch'uan and Yunnan form nearly one-third of the population of the whole of China, they absorb less than one-tenth of the piece goods which are sent into the interior from the port of Shanghai.

One very interesting article of export from Ssu-ch'uan is the white wax of commerce. Baron Richthofen was the first traveller who was able to examine on the spot into the processes by which this wax is produced; and, in his letters from Ssu-ch'uan to the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, he gave a most careful and interesting account of its manufacture. Mr. Baber also wrote a report on the subject, and now Mr. Hosie adds his quota to our knowledge of this curious article of trade. The wax is secreted by insects on the leaves and branches of the "white wax tree," and covers them to a depth of a quarter of an inch with a substance resembling sulphate of quinine or a sprinkling of snow. When the animals have exhausted their efforts in producing the wax, the branches are lopped off and thrown into boilers, when the wax, rising to the surface, is skimmed off. The best kind is, however, separated from the branches before these are subjected to the boiling process. But, though the insects perform this most useful function in the Prefecture of Chiating, they refuse to propagate in that locality. And just as this is the only district in the province where they will produce the wax, so the valley of Chiench'ang, which is separated from Chiating by a distance of two hundred miles and by a series of mountain ranges, is the only neighbourhood where they will reproduce their species. The insects have, therefore, to be transported from one place to the other, and to effect this several thousand porters collect annually in the month of April at Chiench'ang. To each porter a load consisting of sixty packets of the embryo insects, each weighing about sixteen ounces, is entrusted. As at that season of the year the heat is such as would, if the packets were exposed to the sun, tend to the rapid development of the insects, the porters are obliged to travel only by night, and even then, when arriving at their halting-places, they find it advisable to open the packets, and spread them out in cool places. But no precaution entirely prevents the development and consequent escape of the insects, and it is found that, speaking generally, each packet on arriving at Chiench'ang is an ounce lighter than when it left Chiating. In 1884, 454 tons of this wax, of the value of 95,000*l.*, were imported into Shanghai from Ssu-ch'uan.

Mr. Hosie's book is well printed, the engravings are excellent, and the subject is one which cannot fail to interest all those who are concerned in the extension of our trade in the Far East.

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—VOL. I.*

IN this volume Dr. Gardiner affords an illustration of the truth that an historian in the highest sense of the term can by taking trouble write a good history of any period. Although he will probably fall into some mistakes in working on ground lying off that which he has made specially his own, his book will be better worth reading than a merely accurate history by another. That there are some mistakes in Dr. Gardiner's volume, and that he here and there writes with an uncertainty that betrays want of familiarity with certain portions of his work, it will be our duty to point out later. At present we would call attention to the fact that he has in writing a school-book given abundant evidence of his historical power. His present volume, which is to be followed by two others to complete the history of England, covers a long period in proportion to its size; it begins with the traces of palæolithic man in Britain and goes down to the death of Henry VII. In such a book everything depends on the care and judgment exercised on its arrangement. There has been no lack of either here. The amount of space allotted to each division of the work is determined rather by the importance of the period in hand as a stage in national progress than by mere length of time, and the general character of political events is often sufficiently indicated without the employment of any large number of facts. As an example of this we may point to the chapter on the reign of

* *Student's History of England from the Earliest Times to 1885.* By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, &c. Vol. I. B.C. 55—A.D. 1509. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

Henry III., though other parts of the history are equally well managed. While plenty of facts and dates are given throughout the volume, there is no overcrowding. Dr. Gardiner adopts the old-fashioned sensible plan of dividing his book according to the reigns of the kings, though, in order to equalize the length of his chapters, he sometimes gives two to one reign, and sometimes puts two reigns into one chapter. Each of his paragraphs has a heading in heavier type, which is at present the approved fashion of writing school-books. It may, however, fairly be contended that help of this kind is unnecessary in the case of those who have passed the stage of primers; that, being unnecessary, it is harmful; that it is a bad preparation for the study of more advanced works, and that it almost necessarily breaks up a narrative into disjointed fragments, and renders it unattractive. Dr. Gardiner has tried as far as possible to connect his paragraphs, and has generally succeeded very well. Young people ought not, we think, to find his volume dull; it relates a fair number of anecdotes, and gives prominence to the biographical side of history; it would, however, have gained in interest if it had been written with more vigour. It contains several short and well-considered notices of industrial and commercial progress, chiefly founded on Dr. Cunningham's works. Literary history also receives some attention; but, as it was impossible to treat this subject satisfactorily in so small a space, it would perhaps have been better to have left it out altogether. Many parts of the volume are worthy of special commendation. The sections on the Roman conquest and occupation of Britain are an excellent example of the author's power of selection; they give the main facts and the general character of the period without overburdening the reader with details. Dr. Gardiner's success in arranging his matter is conspicuous in his account of what we used to be allowed to call the Heptarchy. In the chapter on the reign of Henry II. constitutional and legal changes are set out in a manner that can scarcely fail to do more than convey knowledge, that must help to educate a young student by teaching him to think, and this will also be the effect of several other passages, and specially of the admirable piece of criticism on the dealings of Edward I. with Scotland. Independently of the author's work, the numerous engravings contained in the volume invest it with peculiar value. Selected by Mr. St. John Hope, the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, they afford copious illustrations of the arts and social life of mediæval England. Several instructive remarks on the development of architecture will be found in appropriate places in the text, and side by side with them we have well-executed drawings of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical and domestic building of each successive period. Other drawings give us examples of dress, of clerical vestments, and of armour taken chiefly from sepulchral effigies, and others, from illuminated manuscripts, represent scenes of industry and amusement.

While, however, as regards its general character, Dr. Gardiner's volume is such as we should have expected from the historian of England in the seventeenth century, there are several matters in it which call for correction. That he has not any wide acquaintance with the original authorities for this part of his work may, we think, fairly be inferred from the volume before us, and no one, however great his historical faculty may be, is likely to write the history of any period from even the best second-hand sources without falling into errors. We will note some of those which Dr. Gardiner has not succeeded in avoiding. He would scarcely have suggested that Eadwine of Northumbria was the only king to whom the title of Bretwalda could originally have been applied if he had known that the list of Bretwaldas in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle was founded on a passage in Bede, who, though he does not mention the title, ascribes the same kind of supremacy to Ailla and the rest as he does to Eadwine. Nor, if the notice of Eadwine's marriage had been taken from Bede, should we have been told that his Queen Ethelburh was the daughter, instead of the sister, of the Kentish King Eadbald; the mistake must have been imported from Green's *Conquest of England*, p. 258. The theory that William Rufus refused to allow Anselm to acknowledge Urban as Pope, because he wished to prevent appeals to Rome, shows some misconception both as regards the history of appeals and the situation generally. An equally strange misconception is implied in the remark that when Henry was gaining ground in Normandy, about 1093, "William could do the less for Robert as he had enemies in the north." At that date Rufus had no desire to help Robert against Henry or any one else, and was well satisfied that the Duke should be kept in hot water. It would be unfair to lay stress on a mistranslation in the quotation from the Chronicler's account of the evil deeds of the great men in Stephen's time; for the mistake appears in Thorpe's translation of the Chronicle in the Rolls Series; still it has been pointed out pretty frequently. When Dr. Gardiner says that Henry II. was once found mending his own clothes, we imagine that he must refer to a famous story in the *Magna Vita S. Hugonis*. If so, he can scarcely have read it there; the story as it stands in the original is too good to be mangled. Although the Bristol men—they were not as yet "citizens"—approved of the execution of the elder Despenser, they can scarcely be said to have hanged him; that, as Sir Thomas de la Moor notes, was the doing of the "virago." It is unjust to Edward III. to imply, as Dr. Gardiner does, that his encouragement of trade was simply due to his desire to raise funds for his wars; it would be nearer the truth to say that his foreign policy was largely determined by commercial considerations. We are aware that Dr. Gardiner may point to a remark of Harcourt's, as

reported by Froissart, in defence of the statement that Edward undertook the campaign of 1346 to take vengeance on the men of Calais for their piracies. It is fairly certain, however, that the chronicler must have been mistaken; for if the King had intended to attack Calais, he would not have dismissed his fleet at Caen. His design evidently was to retreat on Flanders when he had done as much mischief as he could in Normandy; the siege of Calais was an after-thought, probably consequent on his victory at Crécy. There is a confusion in the paragraph on the growth of the Burgundian power on p. 313. It was not the Duke of Brabant who died in 1436, but Jacqueline of Bavaria, the wife not of the last Duke, as is implied here, but of the last but one, who died in 1427; the last Duke Philip died in 1430. Nor did the death of either Duke give Philip of Burgundy the hereditary possessions of Jacqueline; she ceded them to Burgundy in 1433, after her fourth marriage, being allowed to keep large domains in consideration of her renunciation of sovereignty. A want of exactness, which we have not space to illustrate fully, will be observed in more than one passage referring to legal institutions. For example, the Assize of Clarendon does not direct that every one presented as a criminal under its provisions should, even though acquitted by the ordeal, be forced to go into banishment, but only such as were "de pessimo testimonio"; nor were the "legales homines" to present merely according to their personal knowledge; they were the mouthpiece of their neighbourhood, and were to present every one accused by common report, "qui sit reatus vel publicatus quod ipse sit roborator," &c. Ecclesiastical matters are not always satisfactorily treated. As there is no mention of the constitution of the Archbishopric of York, by Pope Gregory, and Paulinus is only styled bishop, the reader will certainly fail to grasp the original metropolitanical dignity of the See. It is a pity, too, that a notice of the political position of the Archbishop of Canterbury should be introduced by the words he "was something more than the first of English bishops," for to a young reader they are likely to convey a wrong impression as to the Archbishop's ecclesiastical position. The sentence asserting that the "Church, though made dependent on William [the Conqueror], was independent, except so far as its ecclesiastical rights were concerned, of the civil courts," must, we imagine, contain a misprint, and the words which follow seem to indicate that Dr. Gardiner is inclined to assign to a too early date the full operation of the Conqueror's decree with reference to ecclesiastical jurisdiction. We do not understand why the measures taken by Edward I. to compel the clergy to pay taxes in spite of the Papal Bull, are said to be a proof that they had sunk in the estimation of the people, and we believe that the idea, which is plainly implied in another place, that the clergy of the Lancastrian period allied themselves with the rich against the poor is utterly without foundation. The presence of these, and of one or two other blots of more or less importance, prevent us from receiving this volume with an unreserved welcome. Dr. Gardiner can easily remove them in a later edition, and, when they have disappeared, we shall feel no hesitation in saying that, as far as it has yet gone, his book promises, when complete, to be by far the best school history of England that has yet appeared.

PLAYS AND POEMS.*

TO judge from the preface to *The Tragic Mary*, it seems to be the opinion of Mr. Michael Field that historians have laboured in vain, and the character of Mary Stuart remains, and is likely to remain, an insoluble enigma. When historians do notoriously disagree, the dramatist whose respect for the letter of history is as constant as Mr. Michael Field's is naturally in a position of perplexity. He cannot ignore "the extremes of antithetical judgment" passed on Mary Stuart. On the other hand, it is not in his heart to follow Mr. Froude. The discord among authorities is typified in the writings of George Buchanan, who praised Mary in his verse and pilloried her in his prose. "Between such devious versions of the same author," observes Mr. Michael Field, "a latitude pliant and shadowy is left for the psychologist and historian"; and for the poet, we may assume, the like freedom. Decidedly the dramatic presentment in *The Tragic Mary* is as enigmatic as might be expected of a dramatist who can find neither "absolute knowledge" nor revelation of character in the records of Mary's life, beyond certain hard facts. The drama deals with these hard facts, "a murder, an abduction, a marriage." It opens with the murder of David Rizzio (or Riccio as Michael Field calls him), and closes with the capitulation at Carberry Hill.

* *The Tragic Mary*. By Michael Field. London: Bell & Sons. 1890.
Prometheus. A Drama. By James Allan. London: David Stewart. 1890.

The Religion of Humanity; and other Poems. By Annie Matheson. London: Percival & Co. 1890.

Primavera. Poems by Four Authors. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 1890.
Of Palomide, Famous Knight of King Arthur's Round Table. By Elian Prince. London: E. W. Allen. 1890.

Lawrence: Scenes in a Life. By Crossdale Harris. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Raymond. By A. L. Stevenson, B.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

Sonnets; and other Poems. By Joseph John Murphy. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1890.

The murder of Darnley, the supposed abduction of the Queen and imprisonment at Dunbar, her subsequent marriage with Bothwell, are set forth with undeniable skill and imaginative power; yet the dramatic action proceeds and passes without affording any clear revelation of Mary Stuart's part in these moving events. Only to preserve the mysteries of "the woman of magical nature" appears to be the dramatist's intent. At Holyrood, the morning after the tragedy at Kirk o' Fields, and at Dunbar, when Bothwell presses his suit, not the least suggestion have we of Mary's secret thoughts or springs of action. At Dunbar, indeed, it would seem she was in no sense an actor, but rather the beautiful victim of fate and cruel circumstances. "With regard to none of these events," the author writes, "can Mary Stuart's will be known." Of course a dramatist is free to take this view of the historical evidence, yet it is hardly surprising that the dramatic result is very far from being imposing. "She is a royal lady," says Elspeth Menteith to Lethington. "She is a distracting woman," is the excellent rejoinder of Maitland. It is to Lethington that she speaks of her history and destiny, in the last act, as if anticipating the verdict of history. The scene is at Holyrood, and Bothwell has just left them alone:—

QUEEN (*looking towards the door*). He cannot be a king;
They wither, or are murder'd, or grow mad,
Who link themselves with me in sovereignty.
Twilight and ruin settle on us both!
Oh, might we be forgotten; would we lie
In the blank pardon of oblivion! That,
Alack, can never be; there is no man
Can give me safety, or protection, or
Pence from vicissitude; I have no lover,
Servant or friend: and yet I am beloved,
Even to marvel.

Darnley and Bothwell, however, are notable figures in the drama. The weak, vain, brutalized Darnley, "that intolerable puppet," as Maitland says, "who moves about the glass-house of diplomacy with the violence of a bull," is, indeed, depicted with excellent judgment. But in not a few scenes the dramatic illusion is shattered by an extravagance of speech that frequently suggests a new Euphuus. This deplorable affectation is common to all the characters of the drama. The very doorkeeper at Holyrood (in the first scene) is afflicted in this way. Perhaps the most shocking instance occurs in the scene where Bothwell, the bluff outspoken soldier, calls the politic Lethington a "pard." Bothwell enters, with State papers, to the Queen, and finds Lethington with her. Seeing the papers, Lethington asks "Are these for my revision?" and attempts to take them:—

BOTHWELL (*grasping them*). I have writ
Brief record of my mind and purposes
To England. I can front Elizabeth
As you; I do not need your artifice.

(*Turning to the Queen*).

O Marie, would you see a borderer
Expend his hate, at last fall to the feast
Of long, unsated, devilish detestation?

(*Relaxing his hold at the Queen's intercession*).

Nay then, he shall be spared; but since you cast
On me your ravishment, and since you turn
The dun side of your beauty to my face,
Setting the wind of your hot sighs to blast
My rash desirous moments, since you thwart me,
And magnify this pard—I will unfold
The smooth and cowardly creature you esteem.

Such infelicity of diction is positively disenchanting. As in the author's other drama of Scottish history, *A Father's Tragedy*, everybody concerned in the action of *The Tragic Mary* speaks the same high-flown denaturalized language. They are the mouthpieces of Mr. Field's thoughts on the "Marian legend." And a work that leaves this impression can scarcely be considered anything but undramatic.

The Titan, in Mr. Allan's lyrical drama, differs altogether from the Prometheus of Shelley and Hartley Coleridge. He is the new Prometheus, a kind of modern reformer who "seeks to bring into view a higher and wider plane of action," with a prophetic eye for new developments of truth, "while embracing the essential good in the established order." Mr. Allan's poem has a dignified opening, and the second act, when Io in her wanderings discovers Prometheus chained, and is comforted by his prophecy, is altogether a happy conception. Less happy is the discourse of the Gods in Olympus, when Apollo, who is much too easily a convert to the views of Prometheus, introduces discord into their council by pleading the cause of the Titan. There may be propriety in homely imagery introduced in the most august poetic theme, yet the following speech of Apollo is more ludicrous than proper to the occasion:—

Meantime aloft,
Between the earth and sky, on airy bed,
The driving snows do pall him, and the rains
Wash unobstructed, and the flying winds
Freely betwixt.

Without altogether sharing the author's apprehension that to many of her readers *The Religion of Humanity* will seem but a "declamatory tract," we have no hesitation in saying that it is by no means the poem that best represents her lyrical power. A confession of faith is of all themes most difficult to express in lyrical form. The poem has an unimpeded flow, and is obviously inspired by a profound conviction of truth, yet it is perhaps hardly worth while to demonstrate that the Christian faith, and

not Positivism, is the true "religion of Humanity." The poet's gifts are more clearly proclaimed in the briefer poems, in such pretty songs as "Lucy to Ravenswood," for example, or the pathetic stanzas, "Memory's Song."

Brief is the measure of song offered by the "Four Authors" of *Primavera*, yet is the brevity the result, we suspect, of a process of selection more critical than is common to young poets. In point of execution there is little to choose between the work of Mr. Stephen Phillips or Mr. Manmohan Ghose, or Mr. Arthur Cripps and Mr. Laurence Binyon. The "accomplishment of verse" belongs equally to each member of the quartet of singers. They have, one and all, succeeded in shaping their lyrical thoughts to artistic form. But beyond the evidence of good craftsmanship and felicities of phrase that appeal not alone to the sensitive ear, there are poems in this little collection that reveal higher qualities than belong to the practised "verser." Such poems as Mr. Binyon's "Psyche," and the stanzas by Mr. Ghose at p. 29, are distinguished by the imaginative faculty not less than by the graces of poetic diction.

Mr. Elian Prince's Arthurian poem is an involved narrative that tells of the deeds and fate of Palomide, the paynim Knight of Upsal, and of his love for Iseult and his discomfiture at the hands of Tristram. But such oft-sung themes as the love of Tristram and Iseult, the slaying of Mark in Tintagel, the wiles of Vivien, occupy so large a portion of the poem that Palomide appears but a shadowy personage and scarce in the reckoning. This, however, is no matter for regret to any one who would painfully essay the reading of Mr. Prince's trying and cumbersome blank verse.

Laurence is the all-but-unbroken soliloquy of a distressed soul. Laurence pours forth his complaints in tedious blank verse without stint or shame, as poetic spirits will do when there is none to hear them. He meditates on the words of the Preacher; he makes the organ roar and scream to the music of "The Modern Master's 'Phantom Hollander'"; he likens himself to some "fair blossom shrunk to summer heat"; he is full of exquisite self-pity, and steeped in appalling gloom. After some years he is discovered meditating among the Alps, and, oddly enough, this Manfred course is the prescription that seems to cure him. There it was, while his "soul hung like a lyre betwixt heaven and earth," that he found "the secret of the world" in the word "Work."

The same moral solution of a critical position marks the close of *Raymond*. The hero is a young man, endowed sufficiently with the world's goods to indulge in an aimless life, until he falls under the charms of Monte Carlo. Happily for him he is held by the superior fascination of a pretty young lady who lures him from *trente et quarante*. The loss of his fortune through the fraudulent act of his guardian compels him to work in order to win his bride. No story in verse could well be thinner. It is as tedious and fluent a tale as ever was set to the seductive measure of the *ottava rima* stanza.

Mr. Murphy must be placed with the small number of bards who estimate their powers aright and know their exact limitations. The hymns, the "Classical and Biblical Studies," and the poems of a religious cast, are distinguished by simplicity and directness. There is a genuine sincerity, too, in the devotional poems. The experience that finds utterance in Mr. Murphy's sonnet on Wordsworth may be a common experience, yet it is happily expressed:—

I dreamed I was a poet once; but all
Nature's most mighty spells of sound and sight
Fell on my heart like softest notes that fall,
And, dying, only wake a dumb delight;
And now the charm of all that's dear and bright—
The "glory of the grass" in sparkling showers,
The breath of spring-time in the woodland bowers,
The grandeur of a snowy mountain height,
The starry splendour of the heavenly powers,
The light of sunset on a sleeping sea,
The loveliness of bright-eyed mountain flowers,
The music of the skylark and the bee,
The mirth of children in the summer hours—
I leave to Wordsworth to express for me.

MR. LECKY ON THE UNION.*

(Second Notice.)

MR. LECKY'S judgment with respect to the Act of Union with Ireland is that it was premature, that it was carried by corruption, and that it was of doubtful constitutional validity. We confess that he does not seem to us to have established conclusively any one of these points. All the statesmen, whether Catholic or Protestant, who were engaged in the administration of Irish affairs—Clare as well as Castlereagh, Pitt, and Cornwallis—deemed it indispensable, and when a thing has to be done, prudence suggests that it should be done at once. "Can't you leave it alone?" may be a wise suggestion. "Can't you put it off?" is seldom so. "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," is not the maxim of a wise and courageous statesmanship; and the chapter of accidents is quite as likely to have its unfavourable as it is to have its favourable incidents. Mr. Lecky holds that Pitt should, after the suppression of the rebellion, have

* *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century*. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Vols. VII. and VIII. London: Longmans, 1890.

forced a measure of Reform upon the Irish Parliament, giving the House of Commons a more truly representative character, and making Roman Catholics eligible to it, as well, of course, as removing the disqualification which kept Irish Peers out of the House of Lords; that he should have insisted on the commutation of tithes, and on a State endowment for the Roman Catholic clergy. It seems to us very doubtful whether, in the existing feeling of the two Irish Houses, he could have passed these measures, except by the employment of those agencies of corruption, such as they were, which he is accused of using for the purpose of carrying the Act of Union. A Parliamentary Reform involving the abolition of pocket and nomination boroughs would have necessitated a measure of "compensation" at least as large as that given for similar loss of patronage under the Union, and the traffic in peerages would have been as active and extensive. The two Houses would probably have been more hostile to these changes than to the Union itself; for, taken in conjunction with the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, they would have threatened, if not in actual fact, at least in the alarmed apprehensions of the Protestant oligarchy, the substitution of a Roman Catholic ascendancy for that which they had exercised so long. Mr. Lecky thinks that the measures which, in his view, should have preceded the Union would have pacified Ireland, but he admits that in so doing they would have made the Union more difficult even at that distant day to which he would have had Pitt adjourn it. It is, of course, impossible to deny that the message of peace which was not sent would have been more effective than any message of peace which has been sent to Ireland. But it is just as impossible confidently to affirm it.

None of these changes would have touched the real source of Irish disaffection. That, as Mr. Lecky himself very clearly perceives when he is marshalling and reasoning from those large groups of facts which he handles with more skill than political intrigues and Parliamentary tactics, was agrarian. The land question was then, as it now is, the one incentive to disaffection and rebellion, though it might ally itself to hostilities of party, of class, of race, and religion, and take their semblance. Forster's Corn Bounty Act and the war prices, aided by the enfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, had stimulated the conversion of large pasturage into small arable farms, and, with the encouragement given by the Roman Catholic clergy to early marriages, had led to the growth of an impoverished and almost starving population, beyond the resources of the country. These were evils which could not be cured at a stroke. Mr. Pitt cannot be blamed for not having instituted agrarian changes out of relation to the ideas of his time, and subdued evils which it has taken a century of economic retribution, aided or hindered by the experimental legislation of the last quarter of a century, to abate. Mr. Lecky himself admits that the great bulk of the Catholic population of Ireland were absolutely indifferent to the admission of Catholic peers and squires to either House, and that they did not care a straw for Parliamentary Reform. The commutation of tithes and the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy by the State would, no doubt, have been acceptable to them. But it is quite conceivable that the latter measure would have weakened whatever hold the priesthood possessed over their flocks, by whom they would have been regarded as the stipendiaries and political agents of the English Government. When tithes were commuted and Roman Catholic peers and politicians were emancipated a generation later, these measures did not prove to have that miraculously healing power which Mr. Lecky attributes to them. It is customary in such cases to say, and Mr. Lecky in this case says, that the boon came too late, and had lost all its grace. We doubt whether this "too late" argument is entitled to the weight sometimes given it. It is a phrase which is substituted for an argument. If the concession had been made earlier, we should doubtless have been told that the easy surrender naturally stimulated further demands. But the one thing to be kept in mind is that the proposed remedy had absolutely nothing to do with the real disease, except in so far as the admission of the Roman Catholic peers and squires to Parliament, in leading them to take their place side by side with the Protestant territorial aristocracy, might have aggravated the land war by making the demarcation of social classes sharper and deeper than ever before. The main streams of Irish history were irresistible in their force and irreversible in their general direction; and, though some little diversion of channels or slackening of force might have been produced by expedients such as Mr. Lecky suggests, they would surely have found their way in undiminished volume to the sea to which they tended. Mr. Lecky, with some inconsistency as it seems to us, urges that a Parliament which had proved itself so loyal as the Irish Parliament had a title to be preserved. But his contention also is that this Parliament should have been transformed; and that the two forces which had confronted each other in a savage civil war should be brought face to face within it by Catholic emancipation and an enlarged system of popular representation. To continue it, whether as the exclusive Parliament of an exultantly victorious party, or as the common meeting place of two embittered factions, would, it seems to us, have been experiments more hazardous than that of the Union.

Mr. Pitt, in our view, judged soundly when he held that the maintenance of a separate Irish Parliament, reformed or unreformed, was incompatible with the peace and good government of Ireland. Mr. Lecky thinks, and he supports himself by the opinion of Canning, that Pitt should have abandoned the measure when he found that he could not accompany it with Catholic Emancipa-

tion. But with Mr. Pitt the Union was the condition of Catholic Emancipation; Catholic Emancipation was not with him the condition of the Union. To abandon the Union would have been to destroy the foundation and the main building because he could not at once erect a desirable wing. Though Mr. Pitt had made no formal pledge to the Roman Catholics, he showed his sincerity by resigning office when he found himself unable to overcome George III.'s opposition to Catholic Emancipation. He returned to it pledged not to raise the question during the King's reign. By persisting he might indeed have shortened the life, or hastened the madness, of the King. But it may be doubted whether he could have carried the measure in the Imperial Parliament, in which he had become dependent on "the doctor" and his friends. Opinion in England was on the side of the King, and not of his Minister; and when on Pitt's death Grenville and Fox came into office, they did so pledged to the King, as Pitt had been, not to raise the question of the admission of Catholics to Parliament. Pitt, as Mr. Lecky points out, was twenty-one years younger than the King; the Prince of Wales was at that time a pro-Catholic, and he might fairly anticipate that the suspension of the question during the King's natural or political life would not very long delay its settlement. The fact proved otherwise. Nearly twenty years passed before the Catholic Relief Bill became possible. If the Union had been deferred until that date, it would probably have been postponed to that indefinite period known as the Greek Kalends.

For these reasons, and for others which might be added, we cannot hold that the measure for 1799-1800 was premature. On the contrary, we contend that the time was opportune and the necessity urgent. Is the measure tainted by the means used for passing it through the Irish Parliament? was it even unconstitutional as being outside the moral competence of that Parliament? On both these questions Mr. Lecky gives an undecided answer, inclining to the unfavourable side. He gives no proof, though he has a suspicion, that, on a small scale, bribery in the coarsest sense of the term may have been used, that votes may have been bought for money. But if employed at all, this agency played a very small part in the business. The means employed were those which were habitual in the politics of the time, English and Scotch, as well as Irish. What is called influence was used. Peerages were given, promotions in the peerage took place, patronage was freely employed, opponents of the Government were threatened or punished with dismissal from office; by arrangement with a certain number of borough proprietors, members opposed to the Union were induced to resign, and their places were filled with men who were prepared to vote for it. On the other hand, there is no doubt that direct money bribery was employed by the anti-Unionists. A fund was raised for the purchase of votes, and in one ascertained instance as much as 4,000*l.* was given to a timely convert of open mind. To describe the political transactions of the close of the eighteenth century to the virtuous purity of the nineteenth is to leave an impression of wrongdoing; and when Ireland alone is considered, people are apt to suppose, and even Mr. Lecky has apparently persuaded himself, that Ireland was the scene of some special iniquity. Yet Mr. Pitt's creation of peers for a special emergency in Ireland does not differ in principle from his wholesale creation of peers for the general purposes of government in England, nor indeed from the threatened creation of peers by which Lord Grey in 1832 intimidated the House of Lords into passing the Reform Bill. Dunning's celebrated Resolution, and Mr. Burke's speeches on Economic Reform in 1780, describe a state of things which had not ceased in England. Lords Lieutenant of counties were dismissed, and officers were cashiered for votes resented at Court; and the direct bribery of members, disclosed in the correspondence of George III. with Lord North, survived that period, though Pitt himself was too powerful in the confidence of the King, the country, and the House of Commons to have recourse to it. It is not too much to say that Dundas's government of Scotland exhibited in permanent operation the instruments employed in Ireland to bring about the passing of the Union. Judged by the ideas, morals, and methods of the closing years of the eighteenth, and, indeed, of the first portion of the nineteenth, century, the means by which the Act of Union was passed present nothing exceptional. Lord Cornwallis, indeed, expresses his disgust at the jobbery and corruption in which his task involved him. But his language was that of a blunt and chivalrous soldier who finds himself engaged in doing the work of a politician. He would probably have so expressed himself if he had found himself engaged in the office business of the English Tadpole and Taper of that, or of even a much subsequent, time. Have we not heard of a Home Rule baronetcy and a Home Rule peerage?

The Parliament whose venality he describes is the Parliament of which Mr. Lecky deprecates the premature extinction. He declines to doubt whether it was constitutionally abolished. He admits that the act was legal. Parliament can do anything but that which is physically impossible. But it had no right to surrender its own existence without a dissolution and an appeal to the country. We confess that this seems to us little better than solemn trifling. There was no country to appeal to, or, at any rate, no country which an appeal to the constituencies would reach. It is Mr. Lecky's own contention that, with the exception of a part of the county representation, the electoral body did not reflect the national mind. He quotes Lord Cornwallis's statement that "were the Commons in Ireland as naturally connected with the people as they are in

England, and as liable to receive their impressions, with the prospects we have out of doors, I should feel that the question was in a great degree carried." "The great body of the people in general," he wrote, "on another occasion, and of the Catholics in particular, are decidedly for it" (the Union). Mr. Lecky considers it as established beyond doubt that "the Union in 1800 was not in any of its stages positively distasteful to the great body of Irish Catholics, and that a very important section of them, including their whole hierarchy, the vast majority of their landed gentry, and many, if not most, of their lower priests, decidedly and consistently favoured it." It is true that they did not get from it what they expected from it; but that has nothing to do with the question whether it was carried against the national opinion and feeling. Whatever the moral character of the means employed, they had for their aim, not to over-ride the public sentiment, but to bring a Parliament of borough owners into harmony with it. An appeal to the constituencies would have been a mere sham, involving a repetition on a large scale of those arts of management which shock Mr. Lecky when applied to the two Houses.

Mr. Lecky's views about the Union seem to us to involve a conflict between earlier and less perfectly informed sentiment and riper judgment and knowledge, which he has been unable to reconcile. But if he is wrong, as we think, his candour and learning and remarkable faculty of clear and balanced statement enable the reader, who will take the necessary pains, to apply the needful correctives, and to arrive for himself at a well-based judgment. We have not been able to follow his narrative of the rebellion, which occupies the greater part of these volumes, and which probably, for the first time, tells the story of it in its completeness. It exhibits a literary skill only less admirable than the judicial impartiality and the rightly directed moral sentiment, humane without hysteric emotion, and severe without being harsh, which mark it. On us it leaves the impression of a social anarchy which only absorption into the stable organization framed by the Act of Union could abate and finally subdue.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHAT shall be done to those who gave up to party that Gyp which was meant for man—specially for man—kind? This is perhaps the first reflection of those who read *C'est nous qui sont l'histoire* (1), and it may be followed by another that, if Gyp, our Gyp, was given up to any party, we should perhaps like it not to be the party of—but here let us not kick the fallen. If we have for once not the *idem velle* with this delightful writer, let us thank Providence that we still have the *idem nolle*, that we both hate the Republic. So long as people hate the Republic, the great political symbol of *bêtise, bassesse, and blague*, anything or almost anything may be pardoned. And there is not much to pardon here in Gyp the beloved. The satire on M. Jules de Glouvet (Thomas de Goret Gyp calls him, and we fear, we greatly fear, that she would not have disliked him if he had not been Procureur of the hated thing) is not very good. We may say here, with some documents at our back, that we are not likely to undervalue M. André Theuriot. But it is not true that the author of *Le forestier* is a "pale grey copy" of that admirable writer. For the rest, the jokes on "le onzième ministre" and his vulgar partner, and his despicable permanent official and the despicable permanent official's worthless wife, and the Jew aide-de-camp, and the "seigneurs sans importance," and so forth, are very good in their way. Nor is our old friend Folléuil bad. But we were happier with Eve and Xaintrilles and Mme. d'Alalay.

M. Baille's *Souvenirs d'Annam* (2) make a very readable and a really interesting book—slight, it may be, but "documentary," and, what documentary books by no means always are, not dull. It is particularly interesting because it throws light upon a new problem—the colonization of Chinese races, which both we and the French are trying for about the first time. To our thinking, the outlook is not promising in either case.

M. Burdeau has at last arrived at the end of his strange Herculean task of translating Schopenhauer's capital work, with all its supplements, whereof this third volume is composed (3). As was the case with Bentham, probably not a twentieth of those who swear by Schopenhauer have read him—if they had, they would rather swear at him. Not but that in his voluminous book (as more frequently and more acceptably in his *opuscules*) there are remarkable things. Not but that he has over the majority of German philosophers the two great advantages of thinking for himself and of thinking in a language intelligible to the reader. But, expounding a kind of philosophy which is professedly a philosophy of the world, and not merely of the schools, he took even fewer pains to know the world than he did to know the schools, and in consequence is the strangest mixture of wisdom and folly. It is, however, no business of ours here to criticize Schopenhauer, but only to recommend M. Burdeau's translation as a very good one.

After being long and somewhat undeservedly neglected, the once all-popular French romances and novels of the seventeenth

century have of late again received some attention. They have been elaborately studied in Germany, and now M. Le Breton (4) comes forward to redeem the reproach of their country in this respect. The book contains an introduction and a half-score or so of essays on Honoré d'Urfé, Sorel, Furetière, Scarron, Mlle. de Scudéry, Anthony Hamilton (whose *Grammont* is rather out of place, and whom the essayist does not seem quite to understand), Fénelon, and Mme. de la Fayette. These authors have not usually been thrown into one class; and, in particular, Sorel, Furetière, Scarron, and Mme. de la Fayette, have, in their different ways, been regarded as belonging to the novel or realist school, as against the romance or ideal. M. Le Breton will have it that, as the personages of the Scudéry romances and their likes are pretty well known to be adumbrations of real characters in court and city, these, too, must be classed with realist novels as opposed to the "*songes fantastiques ou tendres*" which amused Greece, Rome, and the middle ages. We doubt ourselves whether this contention will hold fully, or whether there has been any time at which romancers, whatever purely romantic ingredients they employed, neglected real life. But M. Le Breton has given a fair study of his subjects, which are all interesting, and most of them (as we have said) too much neglected.

If we are not mistaken in identifying M. Camille Saint-Saëns (5) with the composer, this little volume of poems may have been the fruit of that "abscence" of his which so did mystify Europe not long ago. They are not by any means striking, but easy and often melodious, while the fantasia at the end, a dramatic sketch depicting the loves of the Fury Alceste (changed for the time into a beautiful nymph) and a faun, has merit, though it might have ended more pointedly.

General Thoumas's *Military Essays* (6) are strictly *causeries*; that is to say, they deal with a great number of different subjects sometimes definitely "pegged" by a book or a similar occasion, but often quite promiscuous. Hence it is impossible to give any account, much more any criticism, of their contents in a small space. They are, however, provided with a good index of names, and with elaborate "contents," from which the great number of subjects treated may be perceived, and special ones of interest to the particular reader hunted out. General Thoumas has good sense and value as a critic, as appears excellently in his remarks on the alleged feat of arms at Waterloo of "le maréchal de logis Orban," the French Shaw the Lifeguardman.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WHAT is a handbook? As employed by Mr. Murray the term implies a useful and handy volume, a book that may be handled and read with ease. Mr. W. S. Caine's "*Handbook for European Travellers, Picturesque India* (Routledge & Sons), is far too bulky a book to be read in the hand, or the hands, and is, in fact, about as unlike a handbook as book could be. The tourist, however, who is shy of the least appearance of roughing it will find Mr. Caine's descriptive notes on the chief cities of India a pleasant companion on the railway. Fifty miles from the line is the limit of Mr. Caine's enterprise. Thus his book, with its excellent map, its fairly accurate, though very mechanical, illustrations, is a guide to most places in India that come within the various railway systems. It is amusing, by the way, to read Mr. Caine's complaint of "the general unwieldiness of guide-books," though he invites his readers to treat the present volume as he has been wont to treat guide-books; he would have them cut it up into thin volumes of 50 pages and bind in limp cloth or morocco, "of course ordering a fresh copy at once for their library shelves." We should not accuse of incompleteness a gentleman's library that did not include *Picturesque India*.

French Soldiers in German Prisons, edited by Henry Hayward (Dean & Son), is a translation of the *Récits et Souvenirs de 1870-71* of Chanoine E. Guers—a book that is full of piteous descriptions of the hardships endured by French prisoners and wounded in the prisons and hospitals of Wurtemberg, Saxony, Baden, Bavaria, and the Prussian provinces of the Rhine. The tone of the book is intensely patriotic. Dreadful stories of the brutal Prussians abound in this thrilling narrative of the obstacles that beset the army chaplain on his charitable journey from the South of Germany to Berlin and Königsburg. At Lindau the burghmaster compelled the unhappy chaplain to drink beer before he would permit him to proceed with his ministrations to the poor sick soldiers; and mindful, as he relates, of the heroic example of Mlle. de Sombreuil during the September massacres, Canon Guers swallowed the abhorrent drink like a man. He has stories, however, more harrowing than this, of the miserable condition of French prisoners, and the deplorable state of the improvised hospitals at Ulm, Magdeburg, and other towns.

Rosalba: a Story of the Apennines, by F. G. Wallace-Goodbody (Allen & Co.), is one of the most inscrutable romances ever penned. The plot and style of the story are alike execrating. The pauses of the story are filled with long, dull descriptions of Florence, Pisa, the Bagni di Lucca, and other haunts of

(4) *Le roman au dix-septième siècle*. Par André Le Breton. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *Rimes familières*. Par Camille Saint-Saëns. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Causeries militaires*. Deuxième série. Par le Général Thoumas. Paris: Plon.

(1) *C'est nous qui sont l'histoire*. Par "Gyp." Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Souvenirs d'Annam*. Par Baille. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Le monde comme volonté et comme représentation*. Traduit par A. Burdeau. Paris: Alcan.

the tourist. The heroine, a Swiss girl of independent means, not beautiful, lame, and suffering more or less from "an accident to her head in infancy," is desirous of wedding a certain old Marquis of irreproachable descent and little or no income. She pursues him with all the zeal that is natural to a woman who yearns for a title. The Marquis shudders at the notion of a *mésalliance*, though he does not object to borrow money of his eccentric admirer. In course of time Rosalba loses her fortune and becomes insane. Then does it occur to a set of busy-bodies, one of whom is a meddling priest, that the occasion justifies a renewal of their persecution of the unhappy nobleman. The priest is determined to bring the naughty Marquis to book. He bursts into his room, is asked to be seated by the urbane nobleman, declines the courtesy, and solemnly remarks, "It is no great honour to sit down in the presence of some people, although, at the same time, a genuine nobleman or gentleman would offer a rag-picker a chair under any conditions, and yet, perhaps, be honoured by the acceptance. I prefer to make use of those limbs with which Providence has endowed me, and which still, I am thankful to say, perform their office." Now, the Marquis is absolutely innocent of being the cause of Rosalba's lunacy and loss of fortune, and the priest and all her friends are aware of the truth. Yet they "carry on" like so many lunatics. It is really a delicate point in this unspeakably silly book whether the deranged heroine is more, or less, idiotic than the sane persons in the story.

Unlike the Needy Knifegrinder, Mr. J. A. Steuart has a story to tell, *Kilgroom* (Sampson Low & Co.), and dedicates it to Mr. Gladstone, "the Friend of Humanity," &c. *Kilgroom* is "a story of Ireland," a distressful story of love, evictions, agents, murder, and noble peasants who are given to skulk in the shadow of walls and shun the constables when it is day. The story is in every way a very ordinary production. The author may, of course, know Ireland and the Irish; but if he has the knowledge he is marvellously sparing of it.

Mr. Athol Maudslay's *Old Thoughts for Young Brains* (Simpkin & Co.) comprises certain cheerful, though somewhat rambling, dissertations on "The Spring Time of Youth," Education, Preaching and Teaching. These subjects are lightly handled, and illustrated by abundant quotations and not a little sensible, if rather obvious, commentary. But we cannot conjecture why the book is addressed to the young, or in what sense it can be regarded as profitable reading for boys. Such, however, appears to be the writer's intention.

A Handy Guide to Dry-Fly Fishing, by Cotswold Isys (Sampson Low & Co.), is a capital little book for beginners in a delicate art, the full mysteries of which are unfolded in Mr. Halford's learned treatise.

Recollections of My Childhood's Days, by Louisa M. Alcott (Sampson Low & Co.), though to some extent supplementary to the author's autobiography, appeals more exclusively to young children. The reminiscences take the form of stories, and very pretty the stories are. Children are certain to be delighted with such charming tales as "The Blind Lark," "Sophia's Secret," "The Little Red Purse," and the rest.

In the "Camelot Series" we have a new edition, with a brief introduction by Mr. Ernest Rhys, of the *Essays of Elia* (Walter Scott).

A translation by Mr. Miles Corbet of one of the most remarkable novels of Emil Franzos, *The Chief Justice*, is a recent addition to Mr. Heinemann's "International Library."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's *Scottish Rivers* (Glasgow: Morison; London: Simpkin & Co.) is an interesting reprint. It is good to renew acquaintance with so delightful a book, especially when, as now, type, paper, and binding are all good.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have received new editions of *The Herods*, by Sir Henry Stewart Cunningham; *King Arthur*, by the late Mrs. Craik; and Professor Mahaffy's *History of Classical Greek Literature*, in two volumes, revised and corrected.

We have also received Mr. Douglas Owen's *Marine Insurance, Notes and Clauses*, third edition (Sampson Low & Co.); a new edition of Dr. H. A. Strong's translation of Hermann Paul's *Principles of the History of Language* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Boston Unitarianism*, by Octavius Brooks Frothingham (Putnam's Sons); *The Psychology of Belief in Objective Existence*, Part I., by Julius Piker (Williams & Norgate); *A Glossary of Dialect and Archaic Words, County of Gloucester*, by J. Drummond Robertson (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, & Co.); *An Open Letter to Constantine Pobedonosieff, Head of the Russian Synod*, by Hermann Dalton (Asher & Co.); and *7,000 Words often Mispronounced*, by W. H. P. Phylle, fifth edition (Putnam's Sons).

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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